

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1859.

HON. JOSEPH A. WRIGHT,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE COURT OF
BERLIN.

BY REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, A. M.

WHEN men have attained to eminence in any of the walks of life, there is a commendable desire to form a more intimate acquaintance with their history than can be gathered merely from their public acts, and to study the motives by which they have been actuated, as well as the principles and efforts which have guided them to success. He who steadily acquires the approbation of his fellows, or systematically controls his course of action to a lofty purpose, has a task to perform which entitles him, when successful, to a higher place in our regards than the creature of mere circumstances, however elevated. And what constitutes one of the greatest beauties in our republican form of government is, that it leaves, in this respect, more for individual exertion to accomplish, and less for the accidents of birth, and wealth, and patronage to bestow. Yet in ours, as in all other countries, occasion and necessity have a mighty power to direct the efforts and bend the mind to particular ends.

It is due to the subject of our sketch, Hon. Joseph A. Wright, American Minister to the Court of Berlin, to state that he has no knowledge of the contents of this article, and that the writer assumes all the responsibility, both for the liberty he has taken in thus introducing him to the readers of the Repository, and for the statements here advanced. A single glance at the excellent portrait which the artist has had the good fortune to produce, will convince the beholder that Governor Wright is one of nature's noblemen; that in disposition he is open, frank, and generous; that he is a man to inspire confidence, and one to whom his associates will look up in times of trial or danger. But while in that open countenance there is the unmistakable ex-

pression of an honest, earnest purpose, there is manifest at the same time a strength of will and power of decision that marks his individuality of character, and enables him, when necessary, to say no.

His ardent temperament, untiring energy, and excellent constitution, have enabled him to perform a vast amount of labor, and to surmount obstacles which would have appalled less resolute minds.

Governor Wright was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, April 17, 1810, and removed, with his parents, to Indiana in 1818, while the country was an almost unbroken wilderness. His early years were passed upon a backwoods farm, and he was compelled to rely mainly upon his own exertions. He began life as a farm laborer, and by overwork earned the means to purchase a few books. His evenings were spent in their perusal by the light of a wood fire; thus storing his mind with useful knowledge, at the same time he was earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

In 1829, at the age of nineteen, he had prepared himself to enter the profession of the law, and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Rockville and entered into the practice of law with General T. A. Howard, one of the ablest and purest public men in Indiana. Mr. Wright soon found himself in the midst of an excellent practice. In 1833 he was elected to the state Legislature, where he at once took a high position, and attracted attention by his eloquent and thorough-going support of various measures for the solid improvement of the state. The first measure which he introduced into the Legislature, and upon which he made his first speech, was a bill to allow each county in the state the privilege of sending a student, free of charge, to the State University, then but just established. Our young statesman was fortunate in his first effort. The bill became a law, and the policy of

the state has not been changed to the present time, except that the law now allows each county to keep *two* students at the State University free of tuition. Not a few of the ablest men in the state have benefited by this measure introduced by Mr. Wright.

In 1840 he was elected to the state senate. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress. At the expiration of his Congressional term, in 1849, he was chosen Governor of the state. As an evidence of the confidence his fellow-citizens reposed in him, and of his personal popularity, notwithstanding the heat of political excitement and the strength of party drill, he ran largely ahead of his party ticket. However able a governor his opponent might have made, time has proven that the public confidence was not misplaced in calling Mr. Wright to the chief magistracy of the state. Indiana has had no more useful citizen than Governor Wright. He has impressed a salutary and abiding influence upon the institutions of the commonwealth. He has ever given a warm support to schemes for educational and agricultural improvement. He has uniformly advocated economy in the public expenditures, and a development of the resources of the state; and while Governor of the state, was active in repressing and putting down a spirit of lawless speculation at the expense of the credit and means of the state, which, for a while, threatened to paralyze the state at home and prostrate her credit abroad. At the expiration of his term he was reelected Governor of the state, again running largely ahead of his ticket, although his opponent was a gentleman of acknowledged ability, and widely and favorably known.

At the expiration of his second term he retired to private life. But the term of his retirement was short. As a statesman, who had already won a national reputation, and who was known to be one of the wisest and most conservative men of his party, the eyes of the country were upon him. And the administration at Washington did itself and the country an honor by appointing him Minister to a European court, and intrusting him with a share in the foreign policy of our Government.

As Governor Wright began his political career by the advocacy of popular education, so he has continued that advocacy without abatement. In his first message as Governor of the state to the General Assembly, December 6, 1849, he holds the following language: "Another subject of primary importance is that of common schools. Men of intelligence can best and most safely exercise the sovereign prerogative of the elective franchise, and to secure general intelligence

among men, they must begin to learn while they are children. It seems to me, therefore, that we should concentrate every legitimate effort to accomplish this end, bestowing all the means at our command to the promotion of this common good in the most expansive form; that we should first endeavor to extend common schools to every neighborhood, so far as may be done without the infliction of burdensome taxes upon the people, while we leave the county seminaries, and the higher institutions of learning, to individual or associated enterprise, by which it is believed they will be best sustained."

Governor Wright has been a liberal contributor to the different colleges in the state, and especially to the Indiana Asbury University, of which institution he has been an active trustee for the most of the time since its establishment to the time of his appointment as Minister to the Court of Prussia. He has been rarely absent from the meetings of the Board, aiding by his counsel in the management and investment of its funds; and at the inauguration of Dr. Berry, as President of the University, July 16, 1850, he delivered the charge on behalf of the Trustees. The following sentiments, taken from that address, will show his appreciation of the religious element in connection with intellectual culture: "The doctrine of a special providence should be taught in all our institutions. I mean that system of instruction that not only teaches that an unseen eye watches and guards all the affairs of men and nations, but scans minutely the falling sparrow, the hairs of your head, and that spirit of reliance upon a special providence that holds man accountable for every act. If Cicero could say in his day, 'If the gods observe not what is transpiring here below, what would become of religion and holiness, without which human life would be replete with trouble and confusion'—if such instruction was extorted from a heathen philosopher in his dark day, by the evidence that surrounded him, how well does it become us in this day, with the evidence around us, as a nation and as individuals, of a special providence, that has kept and preserved us thus far, to proclaim this great truth in all places and to all men! . . . The mere communication of information is a small part of your duty. It is yours to train the youthful mind to be able to concentrate its whole powers upon any question that may be presented, to bring the mind to act vigorously, by thought, reflection, and discrimination, on any subject, and that by system. When the young man leaves this institution you hand him the keys of the storehouse of knowledge, and you should qualify him to know the road and time, that he can apply for supplies to aid in the journey of life. I know

of but one method of exhibiting the greatness of the human intellect—but one road to travel to show the powers a kind Providence has given to any man, and that is, to be able at all times to bring the full powers of his mind to bear upon any question or emergency that may arise."

When Governor Wright reached the executive chair a spirit of speculation, amounting almost to frenzy, had seized the mind of the masses, and the interests of the state demanded a man of his sound, practical sense to save it from utter bankruptcy. But instead of fostering the visionary schemes which promised speedy wealth, without much labor or merit, he pointed to the fire-side of the homestead, to the fields and workshops of the laborer, and urged that by proper appliances, that which was dear to every citizen could be made better, higher, and more useful, and that simultaneous individual effort would result in one great common good. His influence led to the enactment of laws for the encouragement of agriculture, and the farmer and mechanic were called to compare and exhibit their skill at fairs to be held in each county, and at the state exhibition, where tests of skill in mechanic arts and agriculture should be annually made, arousing the energies of the state, which had before little to excite, and no occasion to challenge comparison. His enthusiasm and success gave a force to public opinion which soon overflowed the bounds of his own state, and several of the states caught the spirit with which he invested the subject, and he was solicited to deliver addresses in several of the older states of the Union at their anniversaries, to exhibit and compare the results of their labor in the various departments of life.

His address before the State Agricultural Society of New York, delivered at the state fair at Elmira, October 5, 1855, chiefly on the grasses of our country, has become a text-book on that subject. He was invited to be present at the trial of skill in several of the states, where the power of mechanical and agricultural implements was to be tested, and was solicited from several of the states to send the most skillful of our fellow-citizens to act on committees to determine the value of mechanic powers and agricultural improvements, upon which awards were to be made. He delivered frequent addresses to large assemblies of his fellow-citizens in different parts of the state, by which means he not only infused into them a spirit of enterprise, but diffused among them a large amount of valuable information.

An address delivered by him at Cannelton, a thriving manufacturing town in Indiana, in 1851, has been largely quoted by the leading journals

of the day, and is replete with valuable statistical information, and sound principles in political economy. He contended that the working mind of the country must settle, from time to time, the articles that are suitable for our soil and climate—what will yield the most—in what manner the soil should be cultivated—what should be the size of farms, etc. His kindly intercourse and visits to the executives of other states begat a spirit of fraternity between the states of our great national commonwealth.

In 1850 Hon. J. J. Crittenden, then Governor of the state of Kentucky, paid a visit to Indianapolis upon an invitation from Governor Wright, and was introduced by Governor Wright to a large concourse of our citizens in the beautiful grove in the state-house yard. After paying a beautiful tribute to the family of Mr. Crittenden, whose father was a soldier of the Revolution, and of the service they had rendered Indiana in her Indian wars, Governor Wright remarked: "But this reception to our distinguished fellow-citizen is peculiarly appropriate from another and higher consideration. This is a time of peace, and we are now enlarging our boundaries—extending our territories—peace and prosperity is in our midst, and yet to some extent there is a dark cloud rising that threatens to destroy the peace and harmony of the Union. Our sister state of Kentucky, divided from us only by a noble river, differing from us somewhat in her municipal government, meets us to-day by her first officer—her favorite son, and says in the language of her representatives, 'Kentucky, under the auspices of an overruling Providence, and the precepts of Washington, will be the last to leave the Union!' To that sentiment we respond: Indiana knows no geographical boundaries, and that we, the survivors of that day, and the sons and daughters of those who were brethren in arms in 1812, and shared together common dangers, are yet of one mind—one heart, and will share together a common destiny. The planets in their orbits are not more permanently fixed than are Kentucky and Indiana, and the great west, in their attachment to the Union; and it is right, it is meet, it is proper, that at a time like this they should meet together and renew their covenants upon a common altar. . . . We are told in ancient story, that the rope which formed the famous Gordian knot was so folded and knit with many knots, one so wreathed within another, that no man could perceive the manner of it, neither where the knots began, nor where they ended. In like manner it may be said a thousand influences combine to make us one and inseparable. We are bound together by the strong ties of love, of honesty, and of patriotism. We are linked to-

gether by religion, by language, and by the ties of kindred, by the memory of mutual toils, by the memory of mutual sufferings, by the memory of mutual triumphs, and by the ten thousand cords and avenues of commerce that bind together in one vast brotherhood the people of every climate, soil, and production of this Union. Our Union is a Gordian knot, which no man nor sword can sever."

In 1849 the General Assembly of Indiana authorized the procuring and forwarding to Washington a block of native marble, to be deposited in the Washington Monument. In alluding to this subject, in his message in 1850, Governor Wright said: "The General Assembly did not authorize any sentiment to be placed on the block. I took the liberty of having inscribed the following: '*Indiana knows no north, no south, nothing but the Union.*' I did so because I believed, as I still believe, that the sentiment thus engraved in enduring marble, was written also on the hearts of our people."

Notwithstanding Governor Wright's great popularity with the masses, and the strong temptation which political life presents to indulge in intoxicating drinks, he has been uniformly a temperate man, abstaining wholly from all intoxicating drinks.

At what precise time Governor Wright made a profession of religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church I am not advised; but it was in his early manhood. His house has ever been the home of true Christian hospitality. His social, moral, and religious practices as well as professions, stand out prominently; he is decided and efficient in each. He is a zealous advocate and an active worker in the cause of Sabbath schools.

Governor Wright has been twice married, but is now a widower. His wives are both reputed to have been excellent women. With his first wife I had the pleasure of several years' acquaintance, and always found her a spiritually-minded, intelligent, enterprising Christian lady, and I have no doubt that Governor Wright owes much of the strength of his religious principles and habits to the gentle but powerful influence of the wife of his youth. The active and prominent part which he took in the Evangelical Conference at Berlin, shows that his interest in religion has not abated by his going abroad. He gave the whole weight of his personal and official influence in that Conference to the cause of evangelical religion throughout the world. Neither has his interest in the state of his adoption, and his early home, diminished by his residence abroad. In a letter from Berlin, under date of December 11, 1858, among other valuable things

he states the following: "It is my conviction, often expressed before, and strengthened by my experience abroad, that the hope of perpetuating our institutions, and of giving peace to all of our diversified and conflicting interests, rests upon the adoption of such a system of state legislation as shall tend more and more to the development of the internal and natural resources of the several members of our happy Union. It should be the policy of our state to make more at home and buy less abroad."

Governor Wright is thoroughly American in his views and feelings. We understand that the Governor advocates protection to American citizens returning to the land of their birth in Europe, and he is reported to have said to a friend on the subject, "I feel degraded to see the ruler of some petty principality in Europe, about the size of a Hoosier's corn-field, whose revenue is derived from some gambling establishment, calling in question and setting aside the broad seal of our happy republic." Intellectual power, firmness, a love for the truth, and deep and earnest human sympathies, are among the prominent traits in his character. They have elevated him from the humblest walks in life. In youth a laborer on the farm, chopping wood to pay his board at the seminary, next a lawyer at the bar, a member of the state Legislature, member of the national Congress, twice Governor of the state, head of the agricultural department, and now United States Minister to the court of Berlin.

Personally Mr. Wright is one of the finest specimens of a frank, courteous, hospitable American Christian gentleman. He is yet in the prime and vigor of life, and should he be spared his country will doubtless make further drafts upon his ability and experience as a reliable and trust worthy statesman.

SIN.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world: use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. If the thoughts of death and the grave, and rottenness be not pleasant to you, hearken to every temptation to sin as you would hearken to a temptation to self-murder, and as you would do if the devil brought you a knife, and tempted you to cut your throat with it: so do when he offereth you the bait of sin. You love not death; love not the cause of death.—*Baxter.*

AFRICAN LIFE.*

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

WE are gradually mapping the whole earth. What with missionary enterprises, the insatiable demands of commerce which must find new outlets, new markets, new products; what with clipper ships for the ocean, and a thousand contrivances for health and comfort, for tropical land travel, and the consequent increase in the number of civilized, educated, and observing men, who go up and down the earth "taking notes;" what with the fillibuster spirit of the age, which possesses all the leading nations, England and France quite as much as America and Russia, we shall, before long, have no *terra incognita* left for map-makers and school boys to exercise their imaginations upon.

That vast region on the map of Africa which in my boyhood was bounded on the east vaguely by the "Mountains of the Moon," and on the other sides by seas and deserts, and which was in those days marked in big letters *unexplored*, is gradually but very fast disappearing. Dr. Livingstone struck a death blow at it. Anderssen, the Dane, lifted the curtain of mystery a very little before him, and Gordon Cummins even spared a little time from encounters with elephants, tigers, and rhinoceri, to tell a listening world what face the country wore. But Livingstone was the first to bring facts out of the great African mystery. Dr. Barth penetrating in another direction, and seeking for the long-sought secret of the Nile sources, has given the world three volumes of interesting facts, and explored that much of *terra incognita*. Burton, starting from Zanzibar two years ago, is even now, if living, engaged in unraveling still more of the great geographical puzzle. From Bruce, who set out in 1769 to discover the sources of the Nile, and came back only to find himself classed with Munchhausen and Mendez Pinto—a warning to travelers not to tell too much of the truth—down to Barth and Livingstone, there has been a goodly array of discoveries. Burckhardt in 1813 led the way, taking the eastern road. Ritchel and Lyon in 1818 started from Tripoli. Denham and Clapperton followed in 1821, and discovered Bornu, and reached the shores of Lake Tsad. In 1825 the unfortunate Major Laing first reached Timbaktu, that mysterious city about which as many marvels had been told as were related centuries before of Xanadu and Prester John's country. M. Caillie followed in 1828, and gave the first good

account of Timbaktu, which Barth has now placed before us with such circumstantiality of narrative and illustration that all hopes of mystery are doomed to disappointment. In 1830 the brothers Lander began their adventurous journey, during which they descended the Niger in a canoe, and by discovering its mouth settled a controversy of many centuries' standing as to its course. The first Niger expedition, that of Macgregor Laird, quitted Liverpool in 1832. The mortality proved something very fearful and dampening to the commercial prospects and hopes of English merchants in this quarter. Out of forty-nine picked young men, in a few months only three remained alive. The British Government undertook another Niger expedition in 1841, but with also fatal results to most of the voyagers. In 1845 Mr. Richardson made another attempt to penetrate to Central Africa by the old route through the great desert. Coming home he induced the Government to send out another expedition in 1849, consisting of himself, Dr. Barth, and Mr. Overweg. Richardson died in Bornu in 1851; Overweg followed eighteen months after. Dr. Barth is the only survivor.

There is not space to speak of the discoveries in Southern Africa of Moffat, the enthusiastic missionary, and of Anderssen and others who preceded Livingstone.

In December, 1849, Dr. Barth and Mr. Overweg arrived at Tunis. They proceeded thence to Tripoli, and after a short sojourn in that neighborhood set out on their long and perilous expedition.

"It was late in the afternoon of the 24th of March, 1850, when Overweg and I, seated in solemn state upon our camels, left the town with our train, preceded by the Consul, Mr. Crow, by Mr. Reade, and Mr. Dickson and his family, of whom we took a hearty leave under the olive-trees near Kasr el Haeni," writes Dr. Barth in his journal, scarce thinking that five years would pass away ere he, the sole survivor of that expedition, should again clasp hands with his friends under the olive-trees.

In June, 1852, Dr. Livingstone began his trip from Cape Town to Loando, the first part of his great trans-continental journey.

We propose not to follow Dr. Barth in his protracted and interesting wanderings—that would be impossible within the limits of a magazine article—but to take here and there such interesting facts from his journals as may give the reader some idea of the life of these newly-discovered people in the center of the great African continent.

We learn that all over Ludan and in Negro-

* Discoveries in North and Central Africa. By Henry Barth. 3 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Land generally, the plow is unknown, the hoe or *fertana* being the only instrument used to prepare the ground for crops. In the celebrated valley of Auderas, Dr. Barth saw three poor slaves yoked tandem to a rude plow and driven like oxen by their master.

Dr. Barth thinks European travelers ought to provide themselves with the portable ferry-boats of Bornu, made of three or four calabashes lashed to a light connecting piece of wood. He says:

"We met a troop of native travelers, three of whom were carrying each a pair of bukhsa or ngibu, immense calabashes joined at the bottom by a piece of strong wood, but open on the top.

"These are the simple ferry-boats of the country, capable of carrying one or two persons, who have nothing besides their clothes—which they may deposit inside the calabashes—safely, but certainly not dryly across a stream. In order to transport heavier things, three pairs will form a sufficiently-buoyant raft. This would form the most useful expedient for any European traveler who should undertake to penetrate into the equatorial regions, which abound in water; but if he has much luggage, he ought to have four pairs of calabashes, and a strong frame to extend across them.

"The great advantage of such a portable boat is that the parts can be most easily carried on men's backs through the most rugged and mountainous regions, while the raft so formed will be strong enough, if the parts are well fastened together, for going down a river; but, of course, if they come into contact with rocks, the calabashes would be liable to break. Horses must swim across a river in these countries; but even their crossing a powerful stream safely would be greatly facilitated if they were protected against the current by such a float lying along their sides. On my succeeding journeys I often wished to be in the possession of such a boat."

The cowrie shell is the circulating medium through a great part of Negro-Land, and Dr. Barth makes frequent complaints of the time and trouble required for the counting of such almost valueless money. He says:

"In all these inland countries of Central Africa the cowries or kurdi—*Cypræa moneta*—as is customary in some regions near the coast, fastened together in strings of one hundred each, but are separate, and must be counted one by one. Even those 'tákrufa'—or sacks made of rushes—containing 20,000 kurdi each, as the governors of the towns are in the habit of packing them up, no private individual will receive without counting them out. The general custom in so doing is to count them by fives, in which oper-

ation some are very expert, and then, according to the amount of the sum, to form heaps of two hundred—or ten háwiyas—or a thousand each. Having at length succeeded, with the help of some five or six other people, in the really-heroic work of counting 500,000 shells, our friend went with us to the sick Sultan Mazáwaji, which dignitary"—titles are as common and as valueless in Central Africa as in the land of the free and the home of the brave—"was living in a hut built half of mud, half of reeds, was suffering under a dreadful attack of dysentery, and looked like a specter. Fortunately, my friend succeeded in bringing on perspiration with some hot tea and a good dose of peppermint, in the absence of stronger medicines."

The *shirt* is a circulating medium of some value in Bornu. *Gabaga*, or strips of cotton cloth, are considered in the light of small change, and when a man makes a heavy purchase in marketing, he hands over his "*dora*," or *shirt*. The comparative value of the shirt, and the hundred cowries, depends somewhat upon the fluctuations of the money market—there is a money market even in Bornu—which the King, Háj Beshir, alternately Bulls and Bears, as his necessities or his "comers" prompt.

"The fatigue which people have to undergo in purchasing their week's necessities in the market is all the more harassing, as there is not at present any standard money for buying and selling; for the ancient standard of the country, namely, the pound of copper, has long since fallen into disuse, though the name, '*rotl*,' still remains. The '*gábagá*,' or cotton strips, which then became usual, have lately begun to be supplanted by the cowries or '*kungona*,' which have been introduced, as it seems, rather by a speculation of the ruling people than by a natural want of the inhabitants, though nobody can deny that they are very useful for buying small articles, and infinitely more convenient than cotton strips. Eight cowries or *kungona* are reckoned equal to one *gábagá*, and four *gábagá*, or two and thirty *kungona*, to one *rotl*. Then, for buying larger objects, there are shirts of all kinds and sizes, from the '*dora*,' the coarsest and smallest one, quite unfit for use, and worth six *rotls*, up to the large ones, worth fifty or sixty *rotls*. But, while this is a standard value, the relation of the *rotl* and the Austrian dollar, which is pretty well current in Bornu, is subject to extreme fluctuation, due, I must confess, at least partly, to the speculations of the ruling men, and principally to that of my friend the Háj Beshir. Indeed, I can not defend him against the reproach of having speculated to the great detriment of the public; so that when he had collected a great amount of

kungona, and wished to give it currency, the dollar would suddenly fall as low as to five-and-forty or fifty rotls, while at other times it would fetch as much as one hundred rotls, or three thousand, two hundred shells, that is, seven hundred shells more than in Kano. The great advantage of the market in Kano is that there is one standard coin, which, if a too large amount of dollars be not on a sudden set in circulation, will always preserve the same value. A small farmer who brings his corn to the Monday market, or the 'kásuku léteninbe,' in Kukawa, will on no account take his payment in shells, and will rarely accept of a dollar: the person, therefore, who wishes to buy corn, if he has only dollars, must first exchange a dollar for shells, or rather buy shells; then with the shells he must buy a 'kulgu' or shirt; and, after a good deal of bartering, he may thus succeed in buying the corn, be it some kind of argum, wheat, or rice. However, these two articles are not always to be got, while more frequently they are only in small quantities. The rice sold in Kukawa is wild rice, the refuse of the elephants, and of a very inferior description."

There have been various stories of people eating clay; but Dr. Barth gives us the first account of a tribe who live chiefly upon this substance. The Dingdings, he asserts, "feed chiefly on a particular kind of clay, which they prepare with butter. The people of the slave-expedition themselves lived upon it while in this district, and represent it as not unpleasant. The Dingding are also armed with guns."

The better class of houses in Negro-Land do not lack comfort, as this description will show: "We entered first a vestibule, about twenty-five feet long and nine broad, having on each side a separate space marked off by that low kind of balustrade mentioned in my description of the sultan's house. This vestibule or anteroom was followed by a second room of larger size and irregular arrangement; opposite the entrance it opened into another apartment, which, with two doors, led into a spacious inner courtyard, which was very irregularly circumscribed by several rooms projecting into it, while to the left it was occupied by an enormous bedstead. These bedsteads are a most characteristic article of furniture in all dwellings of the Songhay. In A'gades they are generally very solidly built of thick boards, and furnished with a strong canopy resting upon four posts, covered with mats on the top and on three sides, the remaining side being shut in with boards. Such a canopied bed looks like a little house by itself. On the wall of the first chamber, which on the right projected into the courtyard, several lines of large pots had been arranged,

one above the other, forming so many warm nests for a number of turtle-doves which were playing all along the courtyard, while on the left, in the half-decayed walls of two other rooms, about a dozen goats were fastened, each to a separate pole. The background of the courtyard contained several rooms; and in front of it a large shade had been built of mats, forming a rather pleasant and cool resting-place. Numbers of children were gamboling about, and gave to the whole a very cheerful appearance. There is something very peculiar in these houses, which are constructed evidently with a view to comfort and quiet enjoyment.

"With this character of the dwellings that of the inhabitants themselves is in entire harmony, its most constant element being a cheerful temperament, bent upon enjoying life, rather given to women, dance, and song, but without any disgusting excess. Every body here finds his greatest happiness in a comely lass; and as soon as he makes a little profit, he adds a young wife to his elder companion in life: yet a man has rarely more than two wives at a time. Drinking fermented liquor can not be strictly reckoned a sin in a place where a great many of the inhabitants are pagans; but a drunken person, nevertheless, is scarcely seen: those who are not Mohammedans only indulge in their 'ziya,' made of sorghum, just enough to make them merry and enjoy life with more light-heartedness. There was at that time a renegade Jew in the place called Musa, who made spirits of dates and tamarinds for his own use. Their dress is very simple, consisting, for the man, of a wide shirt and trowsers, mostly of a dark color, while the head is generally covered with a light cap of cotton cloth, which is negligently worn, in all sorts of fashions. Others wear a rather closely-fitting cap of green cloth, called *báki-n-záki*. Only the wealthier among them can afford the 'zénne' or shawl, thrown over the shoulder like the plaid of the Highlanders. On their feet the richer class wear very neat sandals, such as we shall describe among the manufactures of Kano.

"As for the women, their dress consists almost entirely of a large cotton cloth, also of dark color—the 'turkedi'—fastened under or above the breast, the only ornament of the latter in general consisting of some strings of glass beads worn round the neck. The women are tolerably handsome, and have pleasant features; but they are worn out by excessive domestic labor, and their growth never attains full and vigorous proportions. They do not bestow so much care upon their hair as the Féllani, or some of the Bagirmi people.

"The marriage—*nigá*—ceremonies in this coun-

try fill a whole week. The first day is dedicated to the feasting on the favorite 'nákia,' the second to the 'tiggra,' a dried paste made of millet, with an immense quantity of pepper; the third to the 'ngáji,' the common dish made of sorghum, with a little fish sauce, if possible; the fourth day is called 'liktere,' I think from the taking away the emblems of the virginal state of the bride, 'larussa,' the fifth, the bride is placed on a mat or bushi, from which she rises seven times, and kneels down as often; this is called 'bushiro,' or 'buchiro genátsin,' the next day, which must be a Friday, her female friends wash her head while singing, and in the evening she is placed upon a horse and brought to the house of the bridegroom, where the final act of the nigá is accomplished. The Kanuri are very peculiar in the distinction of a marriage with a virgin, 'féro,' or 'féro kuyánga,' or a widow, or 'kámo záwar.'" In Timbuktu the young husband and his wife are obliged to remain three days at home after the marriage ceremony, and receive company.

Among the Asben tribe the custom has prevailed, from time immemorial, of the husband's sister's son inheriting the property of the family, in preference to the sons of his wife—a custom which is ascribed to lack of confidence in the wives. Nevertheless, the women in Central Africa, as in Doctor Livingstone's country, have considerable privileges. In Bornu there have been even female sovereigns, who have ruled with honor and profit to the state, and are remembered with gratitude by the people. As for the power of love over the Central African heart, let this incident suffice:

"As I was sitting outside the courtyard, by degrees a great many natives collected round me, when a young man took me aside and entreated me earnestly to give him a remedy against the dislike of people. I, however, soon succeeded in making him confess that he meant only the dislike of one girl, who, he said, did not relish his haughty demeanor, and that he was reduced to a state of desperation, and wished for nothing but to die in battle."

Arrived in Bakada, a town of Bagirmi, our traveler found his treasury reduced to 3,000 shells—value, one Spanish dollar—and a few looking-glasses and needles. As *shirts* were the circulating medium here, his shells were at a heavy discount, and he, their unlucky possessor, was like to be hard up—a serious affair in Negro-Land. But he met with a friend, a good old man, considerably hen-pecked, according to our notions. "It was very amusing," writes the Doctor, "for me to observe that the good old man, all the time that he was conversing with me, was not a

moment idle; but he would either sew, not only for himself, but even articles of dress for another wife of his, whom he had in the capital, and soon intended to visit; or he would scrape some root to use as medicine, or else select some indigo for dyeing his tobe; or, if he had nothing better to do, he would gather the single grains of corn which had fallen to the ground, for, in his pious frame of mind, he thought it a sin that so valuable a proof of the bounty of the Almighty should be wasted.

"The other inhabitants of the place were rather uninteresting; and I had a great deal of trouble with the same man who, on our arrival, had refused us hospitality; for, as he was sick and wanted a cooling medicine, I found the common remedies with which I was provided too weak for his Herculean frame, till at length, with a dose of half a dozen ounces of Epsom salts, mixed up with three or four drachms of worm-powder, I succeeded in making him acknowledge the efficacy of my medicines." And no wonder!

"In general the Bagirmi people are much better made than the Bornu, the men excelling them in size as well as in muscular strength, as they do also in courage and energy of mind, while the women are far superior. The Bagirmi females in general are very well made, taller and less square than the ugly Bornu women, but with beautifully-proportioned limbs, while their features have a great deal of regularity and a pleasing expression; some of them might even be called handsome, with their large, dark, beautiful eyes. The broad nostrils of the Bornu females, which are still more disfigured by the ugly coral on the left side of the nose, are entirely foreign to them. While the Bornu females in general endeavor only to excel by the quantity of fat or butter which they put upon their hair, the Bagirmi women bestow considerable care upon its arrangement; and the way in which they wear it, imitating exactly the shape of the crest of a helmet, is very becoming, as it harmonizes exceedingly well with their tall and well-proportioned figures. It is, therefore, not without reason that the Bagirmi females are celebrated over a great part of Negro-Land. Their dress is very simple, similar to that of Bornu, namely, the black 'turkedi,' which is fastened across the breast, while the wealthier among them usually throw a second one over the shoulder.

"The women in general seemed to be very healthy; but the men suffer much from a peculiar sickness which they themselves call 'mukár dam,' while the Arabs call it by the same name as the 'Guinea-worm,' namely, 'ferentit' or 'aruk,' although it seems to be a very different thing; it is a sort of worm which dwells in the

little toe, and eats it gradually away, beginning at the joint, so that the limb has the appearance of being tied up with a thread. I think this insect is identical with the *Malis Americana* or *Sauvagesii*, or, as it is more generally called, *Pulex penetrans*, [it is the 'jigger' of Central America,] a very small black insect well known in America. This disease is so general hereabouts that among ten people you will find at least one who has only four toes."

Among the oddest of strange customs is the curious judicial process by ordeal on the holy granite rock of Kobshi. When two are litigating about a matter, each of them takes a cock which he thinks the best for fighting, and they go together to Kobshi. Having arrived at the holy rock, they set their birds a fighting, and he whose cock prevails in the combat is also the winner in the point of litigation. But more than that, the master of the defeated cock is punished by the divinity whose anger he has thus provoked, and on returning to his village he finds his hut in flames.

As also this other—a jollification at the burial of old men: "The evening being clear, and illuminated by splendid moonlight, I sat a long time outside enjoying the sound of music and dancing which came from the opposite quarter of the village; but I was not a little astonished when I heard from my young friend, whom I asked why he did not go to join in the merriment, that it was not an ordinary amusement, but a religious dance to celebrate the death of an old man; for if a person in old age dies, his death is deemed a cause of satisfaction and mirth, while that of a young one is lamented with tears."

Our traveler was astonished—as all his readers will be—at the immense size of the ant-hills, "which were not of the ordinary kind, such as they are seen in general, rising in steep conical peaks, but rather like those which I had seen near the Bénoué, but of larger proportions, and rising to an elevation of from thirty to forty feet, and sloping very gradually, so that their circumference at the base in some cases measured more than 200 feet."

Of these ants we have some strange tales; as this: "Among the nuisances with which the country of Bagirmi abounds, the large black ant, called 'kingibbu' and 'kangifu' in Kanuri, 'kissino' in tar Bâgrimma—the language of Bagirmi, *Termes mordax*—is one of the most troublesome; and, besides some smaller skirmishes with this insect, I had to sustain, one day, a very desperate encounter with a numerous host of these voracious little creatures, that were attacking my residence with a stubborn pertinacity which would

have been extremely amusing if it had not too intimately affected my whole existence. In a thick uninterrupted line, about an inch broad, they one morning suddenly came marching over the wall of my courtyard, and, entering the hall which formed my residence by day and night, they made straight for my storeroom; but, unfortunately, my couch being in their way, they attacked my own person most fiercely, and soon obliged me to decamp. We then fell upon them, killing those that were straggling about and foraging, and burning the chief body of the army as it came marching along the path; but fresh legions came up, and it took us at least two hours before we could fairly break the lines and put the remainder of the hostile army to flight.

"On this occasion the insects seemed to have been attracted entirely by the store of corn which I had laid in from Bâkadâ. In general their hostile attacks have also a beneficial effect, for, as they invade the huts of the natives, they destroy all sorts of vermin, mice included. But while, in some respects, these black ants may be called the "scavengers of the houses," in many parts of Negro-Land they often become also very useful by their very greediness in gathering what man wants entirely for himself; for they lay in such a considerable store of corn that I have very often observed the poor natives, not only in these regions, but even along the shores of the Niger, digging out their holes in order to possess themselves of their supplies.

"Besides these large black ants, the small red ant, called in Bornu 'kitta-kitta,' and in Bagirmi 'kissasé,' is found in great numbers, and becomes often very troublesome by its very smallness, as it gets so easily into all sorts of dresses without being observed. I was once greatly amused in witnessing a battle between this small red ant and the white ant, called 'canam' in Bornu, and here 'nyo'—*Termes fatalis*—when the latter were very soon vanquished by the warriors of the former species, who, notwithstanding their smaller size, were carrying them off with great speed and alacrity to their holes; for the white ant is powerless as soon as it gets out of its subterranean passages, which impart to them strength, as the earth did to Antæus."

Africa seems to us a synonym for heat; though many parts of it are cold enough. But one would think that Central Africa—Negro-Land—should be warm, if not hot. Nevertheless, Dr. B. recommends, as a safe speculation, the exportation thither of quantities of flannel clothing:

"We were on the most friendly terms with the sheikh as well as with his vizier, and all court etiquette was dispensed with. This went so far that I and my companion accommodated our

noble and princely friends with our woolen jackets and drawers; for they began to feel the cold at night very severely, and on these occasions the very respectable Háj Edris had to play the part of a royal laundress.

"Already, during our hibernal stay in the country of Air, we had been obliged to accommodate our old and austere friend A'nnur and his numerous relatives with our Turkish waist-coats, but we had not yet condescended to give away our under clothing; and being ourselves extremely poor and destitute in every respect, it was certainly not a little privation we imposed upon ourselves. The clothes of the sheikh and his vizier were all very wide, and not fit for keeping out the cold."

The natives of the Punca coast used to think the Europeans man-eaters. The Negro-Landers have a more singular fancy still concerning the white faces. A public officer in Timbuktu described the Christians, contemptuously, as sitting like women in the bottoms of their steam-boats, and *doing nothing but eating raw eggs*. Now, raw eggs are an abomination to Mohammedans, and they have spread this tradition of European fondness for so disgusting an article of food all over Negro-Land, where, accordingly, a Christian is called a "raw-egg-eater," much as Yankees used in Chili to be called "pork and molasses," there being a popular belief that these two prime articles of consumption formed, when cooked together, the chief sustenance of the North American body-politic. With this we must leave Dr. Barth.

Those of our readers who care to know more of Negro-Land, and especially those who desire to satisfy themselves as to the capacity of the negro if left alone to work out for himself, at least, as high a condition of civilization as has ever been attained by any white pagan nation unassisted, need only give Dr. Barth's interesting volume a careful perusal. It is not too much to say that *without Christianity* no one of the original nations of Europe would have shaken off so much of its barbarism as have the sable and happy citizens of Negro-Land.

MEDITATION ON TRUTH.

It is not hasty reading but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most but he that meditates most on Divine truth that will prove the choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.—*Bishop Hall*.

LET ME DIE THUS.

TO LENA.

BY SUSAN F. SEAMAN.

LET me die when the balmy breath
Of the "time of birds and flowers"
Is filling with odors sweet
This beautiful world of ours;
When the gentle song of birds
Is heard in the pleasant grove,
And all the air seems full
Of melody and love.

Let me die ere a joy of youth
Or a hope has known decay;
Ere a blight has fallen upon my heart,
Or a friend has passed away.
I would not live till life
Should a weary journey seem,
But die while it smoothly passes on
Like a calm and heavenly dream.

Let me die with those I love
Standing around my bed,
While some gentle arm or loving breast
Pillows my dying head;
When the twilight's soft'ning gloom—
A blessed, holy thing—
Is gently stealing o'er the earth
Like the shade of an angel's wing.

Let me die ere the heart's deep trust
Is weakened by many years;
Ere my brow is saddened by cares
Or my eye is dimmed with tears.
Let my latest thoughts of earth
Be only those of love,
As I leave my beautiful home below
For a fairer home above.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

BY MRS. LOUISE S. S. M'NUTT.

THE gallant ship o'er which the sea
In fearful tempest rolls,
And washes from the crowded deck
Its crew of anxious souls,
Still proudly, calmly moves along
When dashing waves subside;
But helmsman lost, it hath no course
Save with the wind and tide.
And thus proud man, without his God,
When storms beat o'er his way,
His courage gone, his hopes dissolved,
And sunk each earthly stay,
With reckless soul and hardened heart,
Unmoved by love or hate,
Floats on through life, the uncaring slave
Of circumstance and fate.

Not so the Christian; though the storm
Beat wildly o'er his head,
Though every worldly joy be wrecked
And every hope be dead,
Yet beams a bright star in the sky
To cheer and guide him given;
And sweetly o'er life's sea he glides
Into the port of heaven.

PATIENCE IS POWER.

IN THREE LESSONS.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

LESSON I.

"SHALL we have dinner at the usual hour, to-day?" asked a young wife of her husband, as they rose from the breakfast-table.

"I will take my dinner when I come," was the curt reply, and he passed out without a glance at the tears which had started at his rude speech.

Only three months married, Lucy Alden had found ample time to quaff a full draught of that misery and bitterness which falls to the lot of an unloved wife, who has, in accepting a husband, taken counsel rather of her hopes and desires than of her better judgment. But like a true, heroic woman, as she was, she had resolved to make the best of her mistake, and to set resolutely about winning her husband's heart, nothing daunted if years should elapse ere she received that to which she had such just claim. In his younger days Henry Alden had loved a cousin, who, rejecting his suit, roused that false pride which drove him to the desperate venture of marrying upon short acquaintance one who proved entirely worthy, but whose virtues and attractions were, to him, obscured by the halo of that dream which had been the hope of his youth, and which he seemed determined to cherish as the bane of his maturer years. That his wife suspected something of this could not be doubted, and as the conviction of desolateness dawned upon her she felt the new reality of grief weighing upon her buoyant spirit, and now fully comprehending her position she resolved prayerfully to discharge her duty, leaving the event with God. Acting upon this determination she yielded cheerfully to his convenience in all things, seeking by every feminine art and artifice to convince him of her unchanging love and unswerving honesty of purpose. One, two, and three infant heads had been pillowed upon her bosom, and she had yet failed to meet that elevated and touching sympathy in her maternal joys and cares for which she pined, and which she had prayerfully besought for her children. She had ceased those little attentions and endearments so grateful to the loving heart, and, wrapped within herself, calmly awaited the harvest of her hopes, which she confidently believed would follow their toilsome seed-time. Months and years had passed with no sign, and she visibly drooped, when, one afternoon, as she was reclining upon the sofa, now her daily custom, her husband suddenly entered, looking harassed and preoccupied, and gazing upon her with a sorrowful and deprecating eye, said, kindly, "Mary, you

are wearied and depressed. Let us leave these troublesome joys for a while and try the country air at your old home. What say you?"

She trembled for joy, not in contemplation of the pleasant journey, but for the tone of kindness to which she had so long been a stranger, and replied in her usual composed manner, "that she should enjoy it highly," not even venturing to look upon the face which had been so long veiled from her inner sight.

"My dear wife, I have been thinking for many months—ever since I was ill so long last spring, when you watched beside me day and night, the angel of my life—that I had been guilty, weak, and unfeeling in my conduct toward you. I owe you a confession and a lifetime of reparation."

With a flood of joyous tears the happy wife sprang to his infolding arms, as he continued: "Patience has been given you of Heaven, Mary, or you could never have met my complaining and fierce moods with such unwearying calmness. I did not love you when we were married, dear, and I should, at the lightest provocation, have become entirely alienated, and perhaps have been led to forsake my own wife, now become so precious and dear. I have seen you grow pale and thin, till I writhed in agony at the specter which never left me. Can you forgive me for such words, Mary? No tongue can tell how from the first you have been a living reproof to my heartless conduct. Days and nights I have lain upon my sick-bed thinking of this, yet wanting the courage to speak and tell you all which weighed upon me like an incubus, deadening and chilling every emotion and sensation. Do not despise me for this weakness—I am unutterably humiliated. I could not stay in the bank to-day, being so haunted by the pale face which has followed me for years, beckoning to visions of peace and love, while yet my stormy heart rebelled. O I have so wronged you! Can you forgive me? Can you give me your heart and confidence at this late day, Mary?"

The answer need not be given. It need not be stated that Mary Alden recovered her health, and rejoicing in the full fruition of her highest hopes, daily thanked God for the heaven-sent gift of patience which won her a husband.

LESSON II.

"I tell you I won't—I do n't learn lessons without I've a mind, and mother says I need n't, too."

"But, my dear, you can never be a scholar in that way. Such a pleasant sunshine as this will help you to learn a lesson just as much as it helps you to play. I shall excuse you as soon as it is finished, and"—

"Miss Timon, can't I go out a minute?" shouted little Ned from the seat below.

"Not now; do not speak to me when"—

"Please ma'am, what does this spell?" vociferated a youthful Hibernian.

"Patrick, be silent till!"—

"School-ma'am, it is time for recess;" "I do n't understand this;" "I think that we might have a lesson that is n't more than half through the book;" and "Please to help me now," came in a volley from the "girls' side," as the disturbed teacher, panting, sat down at her desk, unheeding every question. This was her second attempt at teaching, and she was filling for the first day a place suddenly vacated in the flourishing city of C—. Sitting buried in thought a few moments, she took paper and pencil and wrote; then bending her head in silent thought or prayer, rose with a new light in her face, that of resolution and faith. It was evident that order was to come of the chaos of confusion and disorder which surrounded her, and a sudden tension compressed her lips as she issued a few peremptory orders and proceeded to meet all necessary inquiries in their due order. Days, and weeks, and months passed, darkened or gladdened by the fluctuations of hope, when Miss Timon was waited upon one morning by the usual visiting deputation, one of whom remarked, "Why, Miss Timon, what a marvel! What magic has transformed this little world? You have certainly caught something from this new edition of the Arabian Nights—some enchanter's wand, or fairy lamp. Who ever thought of clean faces, or good lessons, or flowers in this ward! I do not recognize the locality."

"Ah, sir," replied the demure teacher, "the process has been quite too slow to trace easily. I suffered almost every possible indignity at first, and seemed to meet the accumulated mischief of years to try my patience. I had a revolution to achieve, material as well as spiritual, and exploring divers odd corners, found, among other mystic furniture, all the paraphernalia of spiritual-rappings—a contrivance under the floor communicating with the desk by wires—a rude telegraph. After unrelentingly banishing all the engines of trickery and mischief, I provided different employment, and, through the Divine aid, have not for one moment lost my patience or given up my resolution and hope. I have been grieved, and pained, and agonized, but not once angry; and my pupils and myself, now having a perfect understanding, enjoy the most friendly relations and receive that mutual improvement which came so tardily."

"He who sits above has certainly smiled upon your efforts."

"I had no conception of the limits of human patience, and have found the discipline of as incalculable benefit to myself as any possible instruction could have been to those under my charge."

Years passed and the faithful teacher clung to those for whom she had toiled, suffered, and sacrificed. Strong men went out from that school—pious men, teachers, and ministers—men of the world with a basis for success and fortune. Beautiful girls traced back their first aspirations for goodness and intelligence to these days, and virtuous matrons emulated the lovely example of their early teacher in the patient and faithful discharge of family duties. Patience was this power, growing by that upon which it fed; and there surely is alimment enough in all this wide world to supply the need of cultivation and discipline, which is the heritage of all, unworthy as its neglect proves us. Long-suffering! how it develops the soul and gives firmness and self-reliance to the otherwise timid and weak! What a rampart it builds against temptation, ever rejoicing in grief and glorying in tribulation!

LESSON III.

"Charles, will you read the newspapers to me this evening?" asked an anxious mother of her son as he left his seat near the fire and drew on his over-coat.

"Mother, I have an engagement with Ed. Robins to-night; perhaps I shall be back soon enough."

"No danger of that, you young scamp," said the surly father with a scowl.

The boy's face hardened into angry lines; the mother's lip quivered and eyelashes drooped, and as he opened the door she quietly said, "Come back as soon as you can, my dear."

"Sarah, you will spoil that boy by your foolish indulgence. There's no fault in him that you do not overlook and forgive, even before he asks you. Pretty bringing up, I call that."

"I can not bear to see you so harsh with him, Amos. He is young and loves amusement, and it would be wrong and unwise to check his buoyant spirits. We can not bring him down just to our staid notions of manliness, and he is very sensitive to censure. Do speak more kindly to him. Only yesterday he said that he believed his father hated him, and I could see the inborn spirit of rebellion flash in his eyes; that same stubborn look that he came by honestly enough."

"Yes, no doubt his faults and follies are all inherited from one side of the house. Pity there's so much in blood—hereditary disease, temperament, etc."

"I do not know that our ancestry in either

family is altogether free from guile, and I am aware that Charles's temperament exposes him to danger and temptation, and yet it seems equally injurious to keep him always chafing at home, without the gleeful company which he so thoroughly enjoys, and the active exercise of those athletic sports so necessary to a full physical development. I am fearful for him, but he is in God's hand—the hand of him who heareth the ravens cry and seeth the sparrows fall."

"That religious cant will never save him from tipping if his companions do so, or make him like the school-room better than the bar-room," said the husband and father, giving the fire a vigorous poke with his cane as he turned to leave the room.

Mrs. Ryland, left alone, gave way to a flood of tears, mingled with ejaculations and prayers, experiencing all the suffering in anticipation which was to befall her in after days—the shadow of coming events. A year sped on and the father and mother were roused at dead of night by a tumult at their door, and the entrance of several men bearing their only son in a state of brutal intoxication.

Although this was his first offense, the father forbade him the house till he was reformed and prospered in business. No pleadings of the mother could avail aught for the erring son of her love, who felt, as he wandered forth next day, that, of all the world, only upon her could he rely. He knew that her patience and faith would outlast time, and he resolved and re-resolved that she should soon meet her reward. A defiant feeling raged when he thought of his father, and then in a desperate moment he would drown anger and remorse in the ever brimming and fatal cup. He left his native village, seeking menial employment in a distant seaport, and finally a berth upon a sailing-vessel that was bound to the European seas. The mother waited, pined, and hoped for years, calmly enduring the growing impatience and unhappiness of her invalid husband, whom she yet believed would ere long find that peace which had buoyed up her soul through all the weary years of the probation not yet ended. It came at last in full fruition, filling the weary soul with triumphant rejoicings—the day that renovated and enlightened the heart of the father restored the son, and a mother's patient and hopeful waiting upon God had availed.

O the silent power of woman's tearless, unfaltering endurance—the magic influence of her unspoken reproof—the mild sovereignty of her known yet seldom-uttered opinions! Not she alone in the varied range of her duties and in the nice adaptation to the wants and necessities of man which is required of her, exemplifies the

adage, "Patience is power"—to man in his leading sphere and positive existence is given its widest rendering. Mark the successful orator, writer, or tradesman—how patiently has he toiled with small beginnings ere he achieved position and honor! Look at the humble missionary—the devout minister, patient amid enemies, unheeding scoffs and jeers, discouragements and repinings, ever ready and active. It is sublime to note the moral power of patience, which, crucifying the flesh, chaining the passions, and molding the soul anew, enables men to hopefully labor and wait. Glance backward upon the record of heroes and martyrs. Who achieved the fruit of "life's endless toil and endeavor?" Not the impatient and head-strong—not those chafing souls that foam and rage at every inadvertent hinderance. Who carry the influence constituting the steady outposts of society—the pillars of this immense fabric? Who but the men that never rave at trouble—are not foiled or disheartened by failure—look calmly at difficulties, leaving loop-holes for all emergencies and thankfully praising God for his mercies and benefits innumerable?

THE PAINTER AND HIS MASTER;

OR, A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A YOUNG painter had just finished an excellent picture, the best that he had made. His master himself found no fault with it. But the young artist was so charmed that he looked at this specimen of his art incessantly, and neglected his studies; for he thought himself perfect.

One morning as he went to rejoice anew over his picture, he discovered that his master had completely defaced it. Angry and weeping, he ran to him and inquired the reason of this cruel act.

The master answered, It is the work of serious deliberation. The picture was good as a proof of your advancement, but it was at the same time your ruin.

How so? inquired the young artist.

Beloved, answered the master, you loved no longer the art in your painting, but merely yourself. Believe me, it was not a finished production; even if it appeared so to us, it was only a first effort. Take the pencil, then, and see what you can do again. Let not the sacrifice grieve you. The great must be in you before you can bring it on canvas.

Courageously and full of confidence in himself and his master, he seized the pencil and finished his magnificent work, the *offering of Iphigenia*! For the name of the artist was Timanthes.

TO MY OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY SAREPTA M. IRISH.

My old arm-chair, it is to thee
 I tune my simple song—
 My dear old chair! whose arms have held
 My feeble form so long.

The world may scorn my humble theme—
 Of that I do not care—
 For many pleasant fancies cling
 Round thee, my old arm-chair.

Thou wert not made of costly wood,
 Imported o'er the sea,
 But grew up from a sod where rests
 The footprints of the free.

Thy limbs, perchance, the cradle wert
 Of some dark Indian child;
 Nursed by the storms that strengthened thee
 To deeds of daring wild,

Until a warrior, bold and free,
 Beneath thy leafy shade,
 He woo'd to be the hunter's bride,
 Some dusky Indian maid.

Perchance the wigwam's peaceful smoke
 Hath curled up through thy leaves,
 While childish warrior's playful shout
 Came borne upon the breeze.

Perchance the pilgrim lit his fire
 Beneath thy sheltering limb;
 While upward through the branches rang
 His sweet thanksgiving hymn—

Perchance he twined amid thy leaves
 The banner of the brave;
 And found beneath thy friendly shade
 A patriot's honored grave.

Perchance along thy still retreat
 The tide of battle flowed,
 And left thee when the wave had ebb'd,
 Baptized with freemen's blood.

Perchance thy shadow fell upon
 Some freeman's lowly cot;
 Of all the places of the earth,
 To him the dearest spot.

Perchance upon thy limbs the scythe—
 The peaceful scythe—bath hung,
 That by the yeoman's honest hands
 In labor hath been swung.

Perchance when evening softly came
 To speak of labor o'er,
 They gathered underneath thy shade
 Beside the cottage door,

The children sporting on the sward,
 So full of happy glee,
 Or clustering with their looks of love
 Around their father's knee,

The matron with her cottage wheel—
 The sire free from care;
 O then the hum of happiness
 Rose sweetly on the air!

For many a year thy mighty arms
 In blessings o'er it spread,

And scattered softly down the dews
 That night wept on thy head.

And of those years full many a tale
 Thy hidden tongue could tell;
 Of years whose influence round us yet
 Lingers—a holy spell!

Thou 'st seen the star of empire rise
 From out the eastern sea,
 And cast upon the prairied west
 The beams that gilded thee.

Thou 'st seen the lone world teem with life—
 The children grow to men—
 The corn-fields wave and cities rise,
 Where dim-aisled woods had been.

Thou 'st seen thy old companions fall
 Before the woodman's stroke,
 Whose sound from hill and mossy vale
 The startled echoes woke;

And thou wert spared for many a year—
 A witness of the past—
 But at thy root, dear threshold-tree,
 The ax was laid at last.

And with an arm that 's clothed with might
 From freedom's wine-like air,
 The sturdy woodman piled his task
 With unrelenting care,

Until thy frame, by centuries
 Of sunshine and of blast,
 Made strong to bear thy weighty crown,
 Upon the ground was cast!

And startled was the echo's voice
 Methinks, and touched with woe,
 That answered o'er the moss-rimmed lake
 The strokes that laid thee low;

And sadly looked the old to see
 No more thy hallowed shade,
 Where they had played, when morn was on
 Their brow, as on the glade;

And paused in grief the nimble feet
 Of childhood, skipping by;
 While little hands among the leaves
 Went searching busily,

For robin's nest, with three small eggs,
 That they had watched so long
 With tender care, while robin chirped
 A sad, heart-broken song.

They robbed thee of thy limbs, and left
 Thee all disrobed and bare—
 When fairie Art came with her wand,
 And changed thee to a chair!

A large arm-chair, and feeble age
 Looked up and smiled, to see
 Changed to a tempting place of rest
 Youth's truant-tempting tree.

But came a maid with feeble steps,
 And weary, languid air;
 And Age passed on, and thou becam'st
 The *invalid's* arm-chair.

Now little children gather round
 With offerings of flowers,
 Culled from the prairie, or thy own
 Green woodland's fragrant bowers.

And fancies come, and memories—
 Sweet memories of the past—
 Of forms that once were gathered here,
 And were too frail to last!

Of little hands all filled with flowers,
 And eyes all filled with love—
 The hands are cold upon the breast!
 The eyes are stars above!

Of weeks and months of weariness,
 And of love's holy care,
 That changed e'en weariness to rest,
 And thorns to roses fair!

Of days when death seemed very near—
 When life seemed almost done—
 Its "race" and "journey" passed—all passed—
 The bright goal almost won!

Of days, when life came flowing back
 To find its weary slave—
 Of yearning for the calm that's found
 Beneath rest's holy wave!

Of days when song came to her child,
 And with a holy strain
 Charmed from the heart each thought of care,
 And soothed to rest each pain!

Of days of rest and dreams of peace,
 When earth seemed hushed and still,
 And Heaven spoke in tones of love,
 That all the soul did thrill!

O blissful dreams! and holy days!
 Mem'ries and fancies fair,
 How ye have cheered this autumn day,
 And blessed my old arm-chair!

JUNE IS HERE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

SKIES of deepest azure,
 Dance of mountain streams,
 Glittering in the brightness
 Of the noontide beams;
 Scent of apple blossoms,
 Filling all the air,
 Cowslips in the meadows,
 Violets every-where;
 Floods of golden sunshine,
 Trailing robes of green,
 Grandeur than the garments
 Of the gayest queen;
 Seas of crimson clover,
 Choirs of singing birds,
 And the blessed charm of
 Happy children's words;
 Soft, melodious whisperings
 In the tasseled trees,
 Joy of tell-tale breezes,
 Hum of honey-bees;
 Unrestrained resplendence,
 Universal cheer,
 Beauty all unbounded,
 Tell us—"June is here."

WISHES.

BY PHEBE-BIRD.

"Not one of the countless voyagers
 Of life's mysterious main
 Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
 Who hath lived and loved in vain."

ALICE CARY.

O WOULD that my heart could continue
 This sweet, inspiring strain,
 That floats o'er the restless billows
 Of my life's solemn main!

Would that my dim morning of doing
 Might usher a coming day
 To some faint and benighted mortal,
 That had lost in the darkness his way!

Would that the poor counsels that falter
 From lips untouched from above
 Might lead to some heavenly issues—
 Might add to the harvest of love;

Which yet, by the hands of the angels,
 Shall sweetly be garnered in,
 When the world at last is winnowed
 Of the tares and chaff of sin!

If I could but feel that my sailing
 Had been to bear pleasure or peace—
 Had been to diffuse the glad tidings
 And riches of heavenly grace,

I gladly would fold my weak pinions,
 And, putting my mouth in the dust,
 Lie under my "burden of sorrows,"
 If so I could only trust.

SPRINGTIME.

BY NELLIE W. STEELE.

THE sunbeams rest loving on valley and hill;
 They flash on the stream, they dance on the rill;
 They hide in each nook, and tremble along
 The whispering leaves that join in the song
 Of the gay woodland birds, which all the day sing
 Their welcome so sweet to the blossoming spring.

Adown in the glen the violets weep;
 In meadows afar wild flowerets peep;
 The golden-leaved daisy there lifts its meek eye;
 There daffodils laugh to the bright sunny sky;
 For Flora's gay tribe now their offerings bring,
 To garland thy altar, sweet, dowy-lipped Spring.

Away through the far trembling ether above
 The cloud-islands float—fairy regions of love;
 Now they wanton away in wild, willful play,
 And capering shades mark their devious way;
 Now they motionless stay, like places of rest,
 Where the loved may repose that go to the blest.

Yes, earth brings her tribute of beauty and song;
 It floats on the waters that ripple along;
 It swells from the dim forest-temples afar,
 And glimmers at eve in each pale, holy star;
 Soft musical sounds fill the ambient air;
 Ay, loveliness showereth every-where;
 And each blossom and bird, and every dear thing,
 Praises God for the bright and the beauteous spring.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY E. L. RICKNELL.

HOW many associations linger around that building! Ours was for many years the only church in the neighborhood, and, consequently, many an incident, not of school reminiscences, are connected with its history. We, who assembled there for daily instruction, were again reunited, with our parents, upon the Sabbath. Funeral services were usually performed in the school-house. One of these I can never forget, of a young man, who with his father had only arrived in the place, when the son sickened and died, and the father was the only mourner. All of my childish sympathies were enlisted; I wept to see one so lonely. Protracted meetings were often held, and sometimes a quarterly one. Young ministers would come occasionally to deliver their first public sermons, and in my ears is echoing yet the effort of one, the crowning glory of whose sermon was, "the blue illimitable sky," and the "blue illimitable ocean," finished with a glib recitation of the "battle of Borodino." Temperance lectures were frequently given, and some of the best talent in the land honored the old building with their oratory in favor of the Washingtonian pledge. And then, not least in the happiness of those days, were the singing-schools, for the cultivation of whatever musical talent the place afforded. The leaders of those bands were not skilled in Italian or German music, yet they "did what they could" in contributing to the general cheerfulness of the community in this way. Then the teachers, who successively presided within those walls, pass in panoramic view before me, and the classes now disbanded and scattered, to meet no more till the trumpet-gathering morning, are all in the picture. The first teacher there, how many a wave of sorrow beat over her path! yet God was the stay of her right hand, and she was sheltered by his care. Then came one who lingered long, and we whiled away much precious time to but little mental profit; but they were joyous days, and their memory is gladsome, as the sunbeams sparkling on moving waters. Methinks I can almost hear the asthmatic cough while recalling the thin, pale features of our next teacher. The cold world called her an "old maid," but we loved her dearly, and now, when I know that her heart was widowed, ere a bridal ceremony had been performed, and that till she went down into the "valley of death" she never pledged her hand again, it seems like fragrance upon her memory. And so, one by one, as they sat by the teacher's old desk, are they passing before me. But here let me pause awhile. He who was our instructor for many

successive sessions, and who now lies in his turf-grown grave, I would speak of him, how with his many faults there was a vein of fine and noble feeling to bless his memory. The reckless folly of his early days had brought him from wealth to penury; his spirit sank, nor strove to rise above it. The education received in youth was *all* which he had not cast away, and this was his only resource. But I must cease:

"I grow too sad, as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not, and yet that used to be,
A long while ago."

SCRAPS AND THOUGHTS FROM THE BIBLE.

BY M. KING.

THE MARKS OF HIS SUFFERING.

"**B**EHOLD my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Luke xxiv, 39.

I had read these words a hundred times or more, but had never realized the fullness of their import till a few weeks since, when, taking up my Bible hastily during the day for a word of counsel or reproof, or whatever I might meet, my eye fell upon these. My heart bowed in grateful adoration, while I exclaimed, Can it be, blessed Savior, that thou dost still bear, and in thy glory too, the marks of having suffered for my sins! Surely, then, thou canst never forget us, or be unmindful of our wants.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." Judges xi, 30, 31.

This passage is one often quoted by those who dislike the Bible as a proof of its cruel character, and also as reflecting upon the justice and goodness of God, since he could never have been pleased with human sacrifices. In the original Hebrew there is an *or* where we read *and*, which greatly changes the sense of the passage, making it read, "shall be the Lord's, *or* I will offer it as a burnt offering." His daughter was doomed by his vow to perpetual celibacy, and to a residence in the temple, which was regarded as almost as great a punishment as death, since all Jewish women cherished an intense desire for children, especially to be the mother of the promised Messiah. Her companions came yearly to lament "*with*" her in the original Hebrew, and not "*for*" her.

SUNSHINE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

MORNING.

"WHERE 's Nannie?" inquired Mrs. Colton of three romping children in the back yard; "it 's time for her to come in and have her head combed for school."

"I guess she 's in the front yard," shouted Willie, "I saw her go round that way with Pompey a good while ago."

Yes, there was Nannie, rolling and tumbling about on the soft, green grass with Pompey, a large, black Newfoundland dog, half a year her junior. And all the while her mother was untwisting and smoothing her yellow-brown curls, she was telling of the wonderful pranks of Pompey.

"Can't you stand still while you talk, daughter?"

"O, I wish you could have seen him—"

"Are your books all in your sachel?"

"Yes'm, I guess so. O, I do wish you could have seen him when he opened the gate for a—"

"Have you learned your multiplication—"

"Just let me tell you this, mother. He opened the gate for a young lady to walk in, and he stood on his hind legs and bowed to her, and she run and screamed so funny, I had to lie down in the grass and put both hands over my mouth so she need n't hear me laugh."

"That was funny for you, sis, but I'm sorry the young lady was frightened. You should have told her Pompey was good natured, and would n't hurt her; but it's school time now; here are your brothers. Be a good girl and study your lessons."

"What a complete romp Nannie Colton is! There she goes across the meadow with a rake over her shoulder. She do n't seem to care what people think or say about her, and yet she is nearly fifteen; time she was thinking about being a young lady, if she ever expects to be one. I am glad that you are more lady-like, Lucy. I should be deeply mortified if one of my daughters behaved half as badly as she does."

"But, ma, in spite of all people say against Nannie, I can't help liking her. I believe every one in school likes her. She 's such a good-natured thing. I do n't think I ever saw her in ill-humor, and she always knows her lesson. I do think I study as hard as she does. I study my philosophy sometimes till my head aches so I can scarcely see, and then when a question is asked me, the words seem to be swimming before my eyes all mixed up together. But Nannie! her eyes always look as if she was trying to keep

from laughing, and they almost dance in her head when a question is asked her. I wish I had her memory."

"I always had a poor memory," replied Mrs. Winter in a comforting tone, "and I suppose you take it from me. But for all that, I 'd rather you 'd not know quite so much than to have you so awkward and ill-mannered as to be the village talk." So saying, Mrs. Winter withdrew to the parlor. Lucy still stood by the back window, looking out upon the green meadow and wishing she were only five years old, that she might ask her mother to let her run down to the fence corner and look over to see Nannie help poor old Richard Crane rake hay.

Lucy Winter had just entered her sixteenth year. She was pale, delicate, and "lady-like," and now that she had become too old to play, was growing paler and more delicate every day. She endeavored to conduct herself with propriety, according to her own and her mother's ideas of the meaning of the term. She studied hard, and tried hard to be amiable and affectionate, but, in spite of all her efforts, she grew dissatisfied with herself and irritable, and the pain in her side increased rather than diminished with medicine.

Poor Lucy! a little sunshine would have been a great blessing to her, but she "would not for the world" exchange her lily cheeks for the sun-browned face of Nannie Colton.

"Would you believe it! Nannie Colton is going to be married!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, her mother told me so this morning."

"They must be very proud of it to tell it themselves."

"Well, Mrs. Colton is a strange woman, you know. She says marriage is no secret, and talks about it as unconcernedly as you would about a visit."

"But how is it with Miss Nannie; she will get sobered down a little, won't she? I should think she 'd have some sewing to do. When is she to be married?"

"Not till Christmas; but that 's little time enough, you know. It took me six months to get ready, sewing steadily, too, and I had a good many things prepared years before. I told Nannie she ought to come over and take patterns from some of my quilts. I have one that I was three weeks quilting, and I do think it was the hardest work I ever did. Father always said the fever I had a few weeks after I was married was the result of my working so hard to get ready."

"What did Nannie say about the quilts? Did she show you any of hers?"

"O! she thought they must be very beautiful; thought she should admire them very much; but then I could see it was all done for politeness, so I said, 'May-be I'm too late in offering patterns. Perhaps you have your nice quilts already finished; if so, I would like to see them;' and then she had to acknowledge she had n't any. But she tried to apologize by saying she had n't time to spend in quilting; puffs and blankets would do well enough for her beds, and she could buy pretty white spreads cheaper than she could make fancy quilts. Her mother, too, tried to excuse her by saying that Nannie was taking extra lessons in housekeeping now and had less time than formerly. She says Nannie has the whole charge of the house now; she does n't even tell her what to cook for a single meal."

"I do think!"

"Yes, and Mrs. Colton's going away next week, to be gone a fortnight."

"Just think of that! Well, if she's no pride about her house she'll want a good many new clothes. It will take her some time to make them."

"Yes, I thought of that, and told Mrs. Colton so; but she said the gentleman whom Nannie was to marry was in no better circumstances than her father, and she did not think it necessary to expend a large sum in order that she might dress richly one season, and then sink down to the same old level. Of course I'd nothing more to say."

"It's of no use to talk to the Coltons. They are ready to give a reason for every thing they do, whether other people can see it or not."

The two friends who thus conversed were not the only ones who speculated upon Nannie's ways and prospects during the autumn. But Nannie went blackberrying as usual, preserved fruits and made jellies a little more than usual, and all the while conducted herself as little as possible like an expectant bride. Perhaps she did look sober when nobody saw her, but in company she was just the same as ever. She did not look upon her marriage as a final separation from home and loved ones; for the pretty new cottage so soon to receive her as its mistress was only half a mile away, and Charles Brainard was not a new acquaintance, whose characteristics were to be learned after marriage. They were in the same "spelling-class" as far back as she could remember.

MIDDAY.

"Well, daughter, how do you get along with your school?"

"O, I do n't know; pretty well, though. I should get completely discouraged sometimes if

it was n't for Mrs. Brainard. I do think she is one of the best women I have ever met. I wish you might become acquainted with her. She has three children, and yet she finds time to come into the school-room about once a week. Sometimes she stays half an hour, sometimes two hours, and she always says something that makes me feel less lonely when she's gone."

"She has children in school?"

"Yes, Charlie, a little darling! He never went to school before, and yet he's seven years old, and a smart boy, too. Mrs. Brainard does not think it right to send children to school before they can read. I tried to coax her to send Nellie; she's such a sweet little creature, I want her there to look at. She's only five years old, and yet she can read better than Charlie. But Mrs. Brainard says Nellie learns too easily to be required to study now. She does n't fancy hot-house blossoms. She says she never taught school, but she seems to know all about it. I go to her to talk over all my troubles."

"But I suppose you are careful of what you say to her about other people's children. You know the teacher must be equally the friend of all."

"O, I do n't mean that I go to her to find fault with the school-children. But it takes me so long to learn their different dispositions that I fear I sometimes reprove where I should encourage, and excuse where correction is really needed. But she is so well acquainted in the village, and has such good judgment that I have a great deal of confidence in what she advises. Then, too, she is not one of the kind to repeat whatever you tell her. I know it would be better to go directly to the parents themselves, but no one besides Mrs. Brainard would encourage such familiarity, and they might be offended if I were to take the liberty of intimating that their children were less than perfect."

"I do n't understand how it is that Mrs. Brainard can find time to go out so much with six children and no hired help! It takes me from morning till night to cook and clean, make and mend for four children, and I can scarcely get time to run into sister's once a week, much less to go berrying, nutting, or hunting wild flowers with a flock of children."

"I do n't understand it either, Mrs. Gaines, and yet I ought to know something about the family; I visit them often enough. But there is one thing about it—every child in that family helps do the work except the baby, and I expect she'll begin to work as soon as she can walk. Even little Willie begs for a 'tloth to help sis Mammy dust the chairs.' And Charlie, old as he is, will help

Nellie wash dishes, and then girls and boys all run together to bring in wood, or do whatever else must be done."

"Mrs. Brainard has a peculiar faculty for getting along through the world and 'taking every thing by the smooth handle.' She must be a careful economist of time to do all her own sewing and play so much with the children. I suppose it's better for them, however."

"I think she does economize, although many persons accuse her of wasting time. She exercises very good taste in the selection of material for her children's clothes, yet we never see any flounces or double skirts on them. We never hear her denouncing such things as faults in others. If you ask her opinion of them she will call them very pretty, but add that she can not afford the time for such things. I sometimes think myself so much trimming and ornamental work on children's clothes is unnecessary, yet I confess a weakness on that point. I want my little ones to dress in the fashion as well as myself."

"You were right, mother! Mr. Foxgrove read it just as you did. The boys all thought it was in the ablative, and I thought so too, but I understand it now. We're all going to try to get sixty-five lines a day this week, and finish the second book. You'll have to study, won't you, to keep ahead of us?"

"Perhaps so."

"Tom Weldon says he's only going to read nine books of the *Aeneid*. He says that's all that is required before entering college."

"And are you unwilling to know more than is required, Charlie?"

"No; but if there should not be a class in the last three books?"

"Then you and I will read them together. I can't consent to your laying aside any Latin book till you've read it through."

"I do n't see how you remember your Latin so well, mother. Tom Weldon says his father can't read Virgil much better than he can, and he's been through college."

"But do n't you know, my son, that I spend thirty minutes every day studying?"

"Do you always study my lessons, mother?"

"Your lessons, or something I expect you to study hereafter."

"What makes you do it? Do you like to study all these hard, dry books?"

"That is close questioning, Charlie. I do n't intend you for a lawyer."

"But I intend to be a lawyer, though. All the boys in our class are going to be lawyers. But now I want to know why you study if you do n't like it?"

"Because I love my children. I do n't mean to say that study is really disagreeable to me, but there are many days when I can not possibly spare more than half an hour from my work and necessary recreation with the younger children; then I often feel a strong desire to take up a magazine or newspaper instead of a Latin dictionary. But I banish the wish by thinking 'I must exert myself to the utmost to help Charlie along, and he will help all the rest.'"

"But could n't I get along with my teacher?"

"Your teacher is doing very well with you now."

"Yes, I know. I remember I used to beg father every night to let me give up Latin. Perhaps I should do the same now if you were not able to help me out when I get in a Slough of Despond. At any rate I could not have read the last book of *Cæsar* while Mr. Foxgrove was sick if it had n't been for you."

EVENING.

"Who taught you how to crotchet, Lou?"

"Grandma Brainard."

"Your grandma knows how to do every thing, does n't she?"

"She's going to teach me how to work some pretty pantalets for myself when I get old enough. She worked these for me. She makes lots of pretty things for all of us—needle-books and pincushions—and she made the prettiest little dress for cousin Charlie; O, I wish you could see it! It is the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life. He was named for grandpa and uncle Charles, and grandma said she made him that for his name. And the first time aunt Nellie tried it on him he caught it right up in his little fist and began to suck it. Aunt Nellie was afraid he'd spoil it, but he did n't."

"I wish my grandma could make such things, but she's old, and your grandmother is n't."

"Grandma Brainard is old too; she's sixty."

"O, sixty! I do n't believe it. I do n't believe she's more than forty."

"Well, you may look in grandpa's Bible, then."

"What a handsome old lady that was in the third pew from the front, at the right of the pulpit!"

"That was Mrs. Brainard. She's one of the best women in this town. Every body loves her. She's one of the first I became acquainted with after we moved here. I do n't suppose she was ever sick in her life. Her six children are all living, and I do n't know how many grandchildren. She dresses in mourning now for her husband, who died three years ago. She is rather

a remarkable woman. I think she must be over seventy, and yet she corresponds with her children and grandchildren in different parts of the country, as regularly as a young person would. She always looks cheerful; just as you saw her to-day."

"I think you must have the secret of happiness, Mrs. Brainard. Won't you share it with me?"

"I do n't know that I have any secret to impart, Miss Mary; yet I think I am never unhappy. It has pleased God in his infinite mercy to give me more sunshine than usually falls to the lot of mortals through the journey of life. I often wonder why I have been so highly favored. My health, old as I am, is uniformly good. You may be surprised if I tell you that I have never yet suffered with neuralgia."

"That is strange; I thought every body had neuralgia."

"Perhaps you will be willing to consider health the secret of happiness. Some persons can be happy through years of sickness, yet I think it is easier to feel right and do right when one enjoys good health. Hence, I have long considered it a Christian duty to endeavor to preserve and promote my own health and that of my children. I think we err in attributing all our diseases and early deaths to mysterious Providence."

"It was my good fortune to have sensible parents. Common, every-day people they were. My father had a great deal of energy and perseverance in business affairs, and my mother a very contented disposition. I believe she had no ambition to rise above the station in which she was born. Hence it happens that among all our numerous descendants we have no aspiring Napoleons, nor even nervous irritability enough to make a decent imitation of a poet. I inherited from my parents a sound constitution, a little of my father's energy and perseverance, and a little of my mother's cheerfulness; yet these would have availed me little had I been compelled to stay in the house, wear tight clothing, and 'behave like a lady' while I was growing up to womanhood. I never had a sister. My three brothers and my dog Pompey were my earliest playmates, and to play with them I had to spend a great deal of time out of doors. I was a sad romp in my younger days. Every body was ashamed of me except father and mother. Even my brothers would sometimes 'wish Nannie staid in the house like other girls.' Then I would run away from them and play with Pompey till they wanted to play a game that required four, when they were sure to come and coax me back."

"My mother early taught me to work, and I

honor her for it. I believe that work as well as play is necessary for the proper development of the physical organism. Beware of those reformers who tell you that children should be left 'free as the bird that sings and the winds that blow.' It was not likely that a little girl who ran wild as much as I did would relish indoor work; yet I was compelled to go through a prescribed routine every day according to my ability, and I soon learned to like work, or at least to endure it, for I was sure of play-time when it was over."

"Another natural advantage I had, and this was quite an advantage as I grew older, I never was pretty."

"Never was pretty! Why, Mrs. Brainard! You have such a sweet expression now, I thought you must have been a beauty when you were young."

"Nobody ever complimented me on my good looks. The nearest approach to such a compliment, that I remember, was a remark that if Lucy Winter had my curls she would be a perfect beauty. But I often heard it said, 'What a good-natured little girl Nannie Colton is!' and our minister's wife once replied, 'Nannie keeps the sunshine in her eyes.' Every one has a natural desire to please, and I resolved that I would always keep the sunshine in my eyes, since I had no other recommendation to public favor. Such a resolution was not very hard to keep in my free-and-easy life, with no dyspeptic headaches to thwart my good intentions."

"On the other hand, as I had no beauty to spoil, I was not afraid of getting tanned, or of taking too much outdoor exercise lest I should grow large and strong. As I grew up to be a young lady, I learned most of the arts of worsted work and embroidery then in vogue. But I never did enough of such work to induce spinal curvature, or injure my eyesight. You may smile at the idea, but I assure you I did more nice needle-work between the ages of fifty and sixty-five than in the same length of time at any other period of my life. Nellie, my oldest daughter, would often say in her mischievous way, 'Mother has been all her life-time a strict utilitarian, and now she's taking up the fine arts to please her grandchildren.'"

"But I have heard it said that you were a great scholar for the times; that you fitted your oldest son for college yourself."

"Rumor gives me too much credit for scholarship. Charles was fitted at the old academy, though I gave him some assistance in Latin when he was sixteen or seventeen, perhaps."

"Yet you did n't injure your health studying?"

"Never."

"Why do you smile at my question? Do n't

you know that it is the general complaint all over the country that young persons hurt themselves by so much study? Do n't you know that an alarming proportion of our college students break down from too much study? Do n't you know that hundreds of lunatics are made by hard study?"

"Really, Miss Mary, you are getting patriotic. Perhaps you young people would do well to enlist an army and drive the monster study from the land."

"You are laughing at me."

"Because I have an old-fashioned opinion that study is conducive to health. In the cases you cite I think there are other causes in operation besides study. But of this we will converse at another time. I have fatigued myself, and perhaps have wearied you, talking so long as I have."

"And so when I hear people wondering why you are always happy, I am to tell them that it is because you have always enjoyed good health?"

"That is one reason; but tell them also that I have an abiding trust in One who is 'higher than I.'"

MANLINESS.

BY J. D. BELL.

YOU have seen—I am sure that you have—some youth who was just opening into those years in which the saying of the poet Pope is generally too true, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." You noticed that young person's exuberance of language, his unbounded self-trust, the fruitfulness of his fancy, his impatient eagerness to try the strife of maturer years, his lively forecastings of the extreme cheapness of human success. Poor boy, thought you to yourself—poor boy! He will have come to be more of a thinker by and by. Less will he exhibit, then, of this rhetorical exuberance, this superabounding imagery. His style will bear the marks of a maturer mind. His words will be somewhere within a foot and a half in length. He will be less self-confident and more self-possessed—less puffed up with the vanity of mere learning, and more deeply assured of the vast difference there is between a man with a steady and serene head, and a man whose head is only a sort of balloon tied to the top of his spinal column.

Authors there are who express a heroic but partial opinion as to what it is to have been truly educated. In stirring words—such as I have read in a strong and earnest essay on Intellect-

ual Character in the seventh number of the Atlantic Monthly—they tell us that books and colleges are highly valuable only so far as they contribute to fit the young man to live rather than to play at life; to be a man rather than "a memory, a word-cistern, a feeble prater on illustrious themes, one of the world's thousand chatterers." And they give us to see that "no varnish and veneer of scholarship, no command of the tricks of logic and rhetoric," can of themselves make the mind a positive force in this stern world. They speak well of education as a means of "giving thought the character of fact," and they inform us that "activity for an object—that activity which constantly increases the power of acting, and keeps the mind glad, fresh, vigorous, and young—has three deadly enemies—intellectual indolence, intellectual conceit, and intellectual fear." With the able author of the essay I refer to—whom one may, for good reasons, take to be Mr. E. P. Whipple—they are ready to call these "the triad of malignants." This class of authors are true. But it should seem as if they do not say enough about that mental enlargement or *manliness* which a true education never fails to secure, and in view of which books and colleges, even if they resulted in no higher benefit, could not but be vastly valuable. In their intense anxiety that the student should learn to be a hero, they too much ignore those noble traits of intellectual character which invariably result from a careful awakening and training of the mind.

These traits are many. One of them is the love of solitude. Become a thinker, and you become a companion to yourself. You no longer dread seclusion. Locke's great work on the understanding was composed while he was suffering—rather let me say *enjoying* banishment in Holland. Through more than a hundred years, I go back and find poor Bunyan in a prison, writing the words, "I never had in all my life so great an insight into the word of God as now."

Another of these traits is self-control. The manliest of men are those who think most. The effect of thought makes even the heretical theorizer better than his views. Hume was not such a person as, from his infidel opinions, you would judge him to have been, and Theodore Parker is far more manly than his skepticism. He whose mind is well disciplined, finds it easy to withstand the influence of degrading circumstances. On the lowest themes he thinks more purely than other men. With great facility he passes into serene moods of dignified abstraction. Scarcely ever do bodily infirmities depress him. He is master of himself. He is a man.

When self-control is become habitual, it takes

the name of moderation. There is nothing great and strong that is liable to sudden freaks of discomposure. It is a long time before the wind of the storm can make the ocean "boil like a pot." You can not rouse the passion of an elephant so readily as you can make a lap-dog snap at you.

There are those who say that if one is born with a narrow nature, all the books and colleges in the world will not suffice to ennoble him. This is an error. Man's soul is not a material entity, so that you can say it is small or great, in the same sense in which all material things are known to be small or great. It is rather a power man has of acting mentally in various ways, morally in various ways, and physically in various ways. No doubt some have inherited by birth much more of this power than others. But there is no necessary limit to the development of any mind. You have ability to make yourself manly in memory, manly in imagination, manly in reason, manly in passion, manly in speech. So has every living person whose mind is sane. You may so educate your faculties that they shall be well balanced. You may so develop your nature by habitually cultivating its powers and frequently refreshing them at the great fountains of literature, that you shall exemplify a heroic patience and a lofty tranquillity. You may, at least, become so large in mind that you shall be able to bear insult as Jesus did without rash resistance, and trial without fretfulness; able to be calm in controversy; able to repay the offenses of conceit and impertinence with a masterly silence; able to be earnest without being fanatical. The inevitable effect of a healthy development of the mind, under scholastic circumstances, is the superseding of one's youthful liability to change and excitement by a manly immobility. As the work of education goes on this power to withstand distracting influences and to maintain a judicious self-control increases. By and by it ripens into a habit of moderation. All men of extensive culture and well-balanced faculties have been men of moderation. They had no fits of violent passion. They never wrote against antagonists with pens dipped in gall. They did not return contradiction with contradiction, rage with rage. They were subject to no movings of vulgar zeal. When Isaac Newton beheld one morning the ruin of certain manuscripts containing the results of long-continued experiments and researches in chemistry—a ruin accomplished by his dog Diamond—he exclaimed with a beating heart, "O, Diamond! Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done!" This is all that he said to the dog, though the loss of the papers affected him, as M. Biot says,

so as deeply to injure his health. Other authors think that the event was the cause of a deeper injury to him—one which his mind never outlived. What shall be said, now, of those in the Church who use a loudness of utterance and display a madness of zeal much less fitting to a Christian meeting than to a barbaric carnival? Is not true manliness ever marked by self-possession and by a distaste for noisy enthusiasm? Fanatic zeal is surely no indication of that mental enlargement which education secures, and which the thinker exhibits; but it is rather an evidence of a mind dwarfed by conceit, and unused to a manly self-restraint.

Simplicity is another trait of the mind which has been ennobled by education and thoughtfulness. This mind looks directly for what is real in things and in beings. What, it asks, does this tree, with its dense foliage, mean? What does yonder star, gleaming and twinkling the night long, signify? What does this sentence, with its weighty ornamental verbiage, import? What is indicated by this person's complex dress and etiquette? As if by an intuitive perception of the relation which simplicity in a man bears to mental enlargement, it has ever been regarded by the wise and great as an evidence of superior qualities. It is a beautiful sight, that of a great mind uttering its fine ideas in clear and condensed sentences, as if it were determined that no gaudy adjective should be allowed to flutter its peacock plumage into the face of the bright thought of the moment. Generally, as the boy becomes more and still more the man, his love of the extrinsic diminishes, while his love of the intrinsic increases. You could find a hundred people whose views of what is even the most significant of manly traits are entirely false, and who, in their possession for external show and brilliant complexity, have often badly entertained minds of the noblest character and the fairest prospects.

Liberality is another trait of the well-developed mind. This mind possesses liberality of feeling which we call generosity, and liberality, also, in respect of opinion. Who are the most contracted in affection, in pursuit, in doctrine? Are they of the educated, thoughtful classes? Certainly they are not! But they are those the range of whose minds has ever been exceedingly limited. Circumstances, either ill-chosen or necessarily untoward, have doomed many to the smallnesses and the persistent fixedness of a partially-developed nature. In no age has the number been large of those whose education was so thorough as to deliver them from weak conceit, and make them magnanimous. Few are the minds that look over the broad world with liberal views.

You find a large class of men who, having but partially educated themselves, are inclined to speak disparagingly of all those educational steps which they have not taken. Their taste for books is immature. They have undergone no disciplinary process making their minds rightly appreciative of the beautiful in literature. They take little good of a fine style, or of originality, or of exquisite fantastic humor, or of the melody of periods. If author A. does not believe as they do in theology, they see nothing specially worthy in his productions. You tell them in vain that an education under high scholastic circumstances would be the best legacy they could leave their sons or their daughters. You assure them in vain that a critical literary taste is an excellent ally to religion in the work of human elevation, and you are, by no means, able to make them admire any works more than their own or any body more than themselves.

There are many ill-educated people whom it will not do to correct, though you could readily show them to be in error. Self in them is despotic. It will not let them see that they have misimagined, or misreasoned, or misinterpreted. It will not let them see how little they have learned, and how much there is to be known. Praise never affects this class well. A generous and noble mind is simply cheered and encouraged by praise. It is never puffed up. Praise is a help to it, enabling it to do better next time. But you and I should be chary of our eulogistic innuendoes when they are to fall on the ears of any one of those little men whom you would scarcely dare to find in error, lest they assume a look as if they were ready to treat you as the Archbishop did poor Gil Blas. Of no intrinsic manliness certainly are those conceited mortals who suddenly grow so great on a little courteous eulogium, but who hate you if you try to correct any of their faults.

But sectarianism and bigotry can no more co-exist with liberality than conceit. He that is truly educated views the Christian Church as a great tree from whose trunk emanate perennial branches. The same sap should be expected to run in the branches which runs in the heart of the trunk. Christ and Christians! You can tell, now, who of the various sects are to be considered members of the true Church. Methodists are not Christians unless the spirit of Christ be in them. Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians are not Christians unless the spirit of Christ be in them. Every noble religious convert will enter his chosen branch of the Church with precisely this view. Never shall he be heard to speak disparagingly of his equally noble brother of some other branch.

Never shall he let himself cling to his own branch to the exclusion from his heart of the interest of all the other branches. Never shall he deserve to be called by men of liberal opinions, outside of all the branches, a conceited and fanatic sectary, whose soul is too contracted to be noble.

There are these, then, among the traits which are inseparable from manliness—love of solitude, self-control, moderation, simplicity, liberality. Other such traits might be named, but I must ask your attention to another class of topics.

How shall one build up a manly character? Let him learn to think. Let him learn that man was not placed upon this goodly planet merely to eat, and drink, and be merry, and use his limbs, and sleep. Let him learn that we are not men till we are become thinkers—that a thousand voices are all the time crying unto us to think—that the running streams and the rolling rivers bid us to think—that every thriving tree, and living animal, and busy insect, seems to say to us, "O, how I would think were I a man!"

Do you not see that there are too many who appear scarcely to think one real thought from their cradles to their graves, and whose faces and words seem always indicative of a heart that is empty of value and can be bought cheap? Vanity and vacaney are almost synonymous, but is not "our best society" composed principally of vain people? Some think too much, thousands too little. It were a sin for one to think one's self to death; but what were it for one to think so little that one's head shall contain nothing better than thoughts of pleasure-parties, music, showy apparel, gold adornments, the latest style of bonnets, and the latest novels? The brain may ache from two causes—from too much thought and from the want of thought. In the latter case it should seem as if there were not enough mental energy to counteract the outside pressure. The head feels as if it were about to collapse. Ah! what bubbles there are in human form, and what bubbles these bubbles pursue!

Manliness thou hast not, young man; womanliness thou hast not, young woman, unless thou art deeply thoughtful. Boys sometimes turn into men by a transformation almost surprisingly sudden. The step is not far from the grandiloquent style of a sophomore in college to the scholarly sobriety and anti-wordiness of a senior. To have become thoroughly informed as to the size of the universe, to have caught some vivid glimpse of the infinitude of the finite, to have questioned down to those knots of mystery with which nature everywhere abounds, to have clearly conceived of the much there is to be known and of the little one has learned—how

could the brain that has once been made to throb with

"The pain sublime of thought that knows no word,"

which always accompanies such views as these, ever be a boy's brain again?

But I do not forget to observe here that a great many boys never turn into men at all; or, rather, that a great many men are always nothing more than boys. Such was Alcibiades of Athens, whose ruling passion, says a French writer, "was to make a noise and furnish matter of conversation to the Athenians." Such, too, was James of England, the royal success or of Queen Elizabeth, of whom Sully, who knew him well, said "he was the wisest fool in Europe." These two great boys might have been great men had they but learned to think. He who never "hangs plummets upon the heels of pride" never possesses true stability of character. He who does not become thoughtful, does not become manly, for manliness is ever the product of thoughtfulness.

Not a few young persons make the mistake of confining their intellectual powers for too long a time to the activity of mere acquisition. They are found doing the work and enjoying the pleasures of a mental adolescence, when they should be engaged in the plans and projects of a mental manhood. They study well, remember well, imagine well, muse well, dream well; but they do not observe, abstract, compare, reason, generalize, classify well. They gather excellent knowledge from books, and still go on harvesting and garnering till, like the covetous man in the Scriptures, they are startled and chagrined by the terrible edict, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee! Then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?"

It were well to store the mind; but to make no use of what is stored, that were unmanly. What nothingness to the earth would be sunheat and the rain of summer clouds, muck and compost, if never it could produce any thing! What nothingness would oxygen be to the lungs unless employed in the fiery process of blood-making! And what nothingness must knowledge be to him who gathers it as the stone gathers substance, merely to hold it in a stolid embrace. Too many bright intellects have been suffered to go out in mean obscurity that might have shed a precious light upon mankind if they had been timely and properly schooled to habits of philosophic searching. Man was made to be a philosopher—every man was. There is no sane person in all the world who has not his life of productive thought to live. Something new and peculiar ought to come from him somehow. He

should be an originator in his way, not in any other way. This is what gives grandness to the mind of man—originality. To achieve some noble task, unhelped and mimicking nobody; it may be to body forth some ideal which shall cause a hundred souls to throb with better life; it may be to project some excellent social, educational, political, or moral enterprise; it may be to discover, or, by means of ingenuity and skill, to make available some element of force which shall carry civilization further forward; activity like this, rewarded as it ever is, by pleasures which permeate the very soul with a refreshing sweetness, is the kind of activity which every one will seek whose longings are healthy and true.

Did it ever occur to you that we owe all of our sciences to the exquisite pleasures of thought? If not, let me assure you that this is a fact. Books of science are not, as many would at first suppose, the results of cheerless inquiry and tedious abstraction. They are rather the offspring of a delightful travail of great brains. Those who have given us our sciences were retired men, it is true, and men of taciturnity and gravity, perhaps. But what could have kept them back in solitary activity so long? what could have led them to forego popular amusements? what could have sustained their bodies and their minds in health? what could have given them adequate incitement to persevere in their toils? what but the sweetness of pleasures which they preferred before all the pleasures of appetite, wealth, or fashion?

Do not say to me that God has brought any rational person into this vast and grand world to have other people do his mind-work for him. What is it for a man to live without thinking for himself? It is to neglect the higher faculties of his soul for the sake of developing its lower faculties. It is to look upon wonderful things without ever seeing them. It is to take into the ear the most exquisite sounds without ever hearing them. It is to suffer with no power to be strong. It is to enjoy with no experience of rapture.

God is dishonored by him who plows without ever asking what the ground is made of. He is dishonored by him who sows grain without ever troubling himself to know the philosophy of its germination and growth. He is dishonored by him who has made a fire a thousand times without ever inquiring what the secret of combustion is. He is dishonored by him who beholds the steam-engine without ever ascertaining how it operates as a means of motion. He is dishonored by him who walks under a golden moon every month without ever considering whence it borrows its light, why it exhibits its phases, or

how it becomes eclipsed. Do you not believe that God is almost ashamed of the man who is content to live without being thoughtful? He who is not sometimes a philosopher is always either a dreamer or a ninny. What would you think of an eagle with wings capable of bearing it above the clouds, but which keeps them ever folded, and goes upon the ground? What would you think of a fish which is able to dart like a sunbeam through the water, but which chooses to remain on the river's edge amid the weeds and the tadpoles? What would you think of a tree which blooms every year, but which never bears any thing? And what should you think of a man preserving a mind, but who is content to let that mind's higher powers lie forever asleep?

Almost every thing in the world is continually looking for that great thinker—man. To furnish him incentives to unceasing inquiry and analysis, this planet was made to abound, as it does, with endlessly-varying objects of curiosity. He can never see enough if he does but cultivate his sense for seeing. He can never study enough if he does but acquire a thirst for knowledge. He can never think enough if he does but form habits of thought. Such is the diversity of things or of beings, so great the variety of relations, so extensive the interweaving of laws in creation, that if the mind be once fully awakened and engaged, it can never find a point of more than temporary rest.

The great truth is yet to be generally learned and practiced by mankind that no person can live a truly-noble or a truly-joyful life so long as he stints his mental powers to meager opportunities by exclusively pursuing occupations which require more blood energy than brain energy. May the victorious day hasten when all absurd subordinations of mind to matter shall have ceased, and when men shall strive as earnestly to secure intellectual as they now do to secure material advantages—when the farmer shall be much more than a plowman, a sower, a reaper, an eater, a drinker, a seller; when he shall be a public-spirited patriot, a companion with scientific and literary men, a citizen of the world; in one expressive word—a man; and when there shall not be found in all the land a person pursuing the carpenter's trade, the mason's trade, the butcher's trade, or any trade, without at the same time possessing a well-stored mind and a cultivated intellectual taste!

There is a closer, a clearer, a deeper view of nature, and he who is become able to take it, finds himself charmed day by day by the magic of an irresistible spell.

There is a capability of discerning truth in its nice relations and its delicate colorings, and he

who is become possessor of it lives in the midst of entertaining realities, while those around him who possess it not are dull, drooping, miserable.

There is a higher exercise of the reason, and he who is become accustomed to it, experiences thrills of joy which are worth more than gold or precious stones.

There is a mental enlargement which is evinced by a love of solitude, by self-control, by moderation, by simplicity, by liberality.

There is an originality which makes one's mind a felt force in the world.

There is a philosophic habit of the mind which gives to him who has formed it the ability to endure affliction without sinking under it, and misfortune without being unmanned by it; the disposition to bear insult without rash resistance, and trial without fretfulness; the power to sleep amid thunder, to sing in poverty, to be "happy with a straw."

This insight into nature, this capability of discerning truth, this higher exercise of the reason, this mental enlargement, this originality, this philosophic habit of the mind, with all their delights and raptures, are the inheritance of the thinker, and are among the true evidences of manliness.

KINDNESS.

BY M. MORTON DOWLER.

I CAN conceive of nothing more attractive than the heart when filled with the spirit of kindness. Certainly nothing so embellishes human nature as the practice of this virtue; a sentiment so genial and so excellent ought to be emblazoned upon every thought and act of our life. The principle underlies the whole theory of Christianity, and in no other person do we find it more happily exemplified than in the life of our Savior, who, while on earth, *went about doing good*. And how true it is that

"A little word in kindness spoken,

A motion, or a tear,

Has often heal'd the heart that's broken,

And made a friend sincere!"

The benefits resulting from its practice are twofold: it begets while it bestows blessings. This law of compensation we see every day illustrated in the physical as well as in the moral world. When the spring returns to unbind the frozen streams, they leap downward to the sea, imparting life and beauty in their course, and the ocean, ever prompt to duty, sends greeting back to earth the grateful shower. May our lives thus ever flow forth in deeds of love, and under heaven prove a blessing to our race!

PAPERS FOR THE LADIES.

NUMBER X.

BY THRACE TALMON.

WINGS TO STRENGTH.

IT is an ancient Latin bit of wisdom, that "Truth gives wings to strength." Nothing is truer than that no strength, natural or fictitious, can put on wherewith to accomplish a permanent elevation without truth. Let a woman wear the beauty of a fabled goddess, or possess the power to light up the surrounding atmosphere of her existence with the brilliant scintillations of her wit, or be endowed with abilities which place her among the most gifted, and if she have not *truth* hidden in her heart as a leaven to permeate her whole being, her strength will never put on those angel wings which alone scale the watchtowers of the apex of true greatness that tower aloft till they are lost in the clouds.

Truth and its absence may be illustrated by exaggeration, immoderation, and the undue exercise of imagination.

1. Exaggeration. Our sex, generally, are greatly prone to this fault, owing to a superior ability in the use of the "unruly member;" and it should be no small part of the education to rightly discipline it for its correct exercise. How much more useful will a lady in life find the knowledge of the right use of the gift of speech, than of the many varied accomplishments, so called, for the acquisition of which are lavished so much care, time, and expense! Would she, at least, distribute her efforts so that she not only learned music, painting, and the languages, but also to speak and act the truth, it would be wiser.

The tongue is the key of our characters, than which nothing can be more important. "If any man think it a small matter to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken," says Plutarch.

The well-known story of *Æsop* illustrates how magnified is its office, and how greatly it was estimated in antiquity. His master Xanthus having ordered "the best of every thing which the market could supply" for a dinner for himself and some favorite guests, *Æsop* procured numerous tongues and caused them to be served up in various ways. When Xanthus sat down to his table and beheld the meal set before him and his friends, he was disappointed, and inquired of *Æsop* wherefore he had done thus. "Is there any thing better than the tongue?" replied *Æsop*, and then proceeded to illustrate its power. Accordingly, on the following day his master ordered him to provide "the worst of every thing that he could find in the market, that they might have a variety." But at the next dinner they

found tongues set before them again. "How is this?" inquired Xanthus, reminding him of his directions. "Is not the tongue also the worst thing in the world?" said *Æsop*. "Does it not cause strife, war, rebellion, error, falsehood, calumny, and blasphemy?"

Every one must have observed that the tongue of woman is one of the levers of the world. It has effected more revolutions, anarchy, discord, and destruction than any other motive power. If Eve had never *talked* with the tempter, she had not sinned and "brought death into the world, and all our woe." And if all the daughters of Eve had only "held their tongues," or at least used them but little, and that little well, they would have sinned infinitely less than they have, and caused others to.

Hence woman's tongue has been described unfavorably by the poet, the moralist, the wit, the dramatist, and the novelist. Equally has it been the jibe of the clown and the reproof of the philosopher. Says Dr. Young:

"A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 't is a task indeed to learn—to hear."

Again it is said:

"Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrowed flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea."

It is indeed evident, upon the merest observation, that women more easily acquire the habit of exaggeration, or what rhetoricians term amplification and hyperbolical representation, than do the sterner sex. For instance, a man usually will give an account of some event in a few, correct words, as—"It happened somewhat unfortunately." But his lady friend will render it thus: "It was positively the most terrible thing—the most frightful occurrence that I ever knew in all my born days. I am nearly dead in consequence. As sure as fate I shall never recover from the shock to the latest hour of my existence. Goodness! did you ever!"

All this is not truth. It is simply all false; for she has known many another event which was equally, and, perhaps, more frightful than this; she has no idea that her death will be occasioned in the result, and, most probably, she will forget nearly all about it in a brief time.

If you tell a young lady that she is wearing too small and too thin shoes, she will probably reply with a great air of injured innocence, "They are thousands large! I positively could put another foot into them and walk off straight; and they are so awful stout I feel that I am in clumps."

Or again: "Is not your dress too tight?"

"Indeed not. See!" and she holds in her breath, "it is large enough for my grandmother!"

"The weather is fine, to-day."

"Perfectly heavenly! O I am nearly distracted for a ride! If I can't get out on horseback I shall certainly die."

Or, do you say, "We are having a rainy day."

"O, horrible! I am just homesick to death. I really thought, an hour since, I should go crazy."

"That is a pleasant young lady."

"She is so. I love her to death. I never saw one before that was half so delightful. If it were not for her I should go frantic sometimes, I verily believe."

"Is not the other young lady also agreeable?"

"O, horrid! She is the hatefulest thing I ever saw in all my life. It just kills me to be near her."

"Such a one has a competency."

He is a millionaire—as rich as Cræsus."

This exceedingly bad habit of exaggeration we might illustrate indefinitely; but it must be seen already how unworthy is its appearance. Not only is it wrong, as being a species of falsehood, but greatly does it detract from the standard of one's character, rendering their expressed opinion of no consideration with others, so that the words of Agamemnon to Achilles are applicable to them:

"I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate."

The unavoidable tendency of exaggeration is falsehood of the most decided kind. Says Paley: "I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance."

It becomes perfectly natural for those who are in the habit of expressing themselves in terms which are inappropriate and unreasonable, to state what they call facts with inaccuracy, and this in the most unscrupulous manner. Such persons will firmly assert that they have done thus or so, when it is entirely void of truth, or they will give a statement which is compounded of truth and falsehood, of themselves and of others. As early as any tendency to this bad habit is discovered, it should be eradicated and displaced by a conscientious fear of falsehood, or the least species of untruth. Observes Johnson: "Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them: you do not know where deviations from truth will end."

Any young lady also who has fallen into the

evil habit of reporting herself falsely, in order to give an incorrect impression of her actions, or of that literary theft known as plagiarism, which sometimes appears in school compositions, or of any other of the numerous artifices which are practiced by the unscrupulous, should most zealously correct herself and resolve never again to be guilty of such wickedness.

All persons who resort to these ignoble expedients in order to get along in life are cowards. They are fearful of others or they would be willing to declare themselves frankly; and yet often these very persons would be thought the most valiant in the world. "None but cowards lie," says an ancient author.

But if this habit of exaggeration and falsehood is not corrected, it becomes more firmly grounded with every year of life, till at length the person is known to all by that unenviable reputation—"not to be trusted; a deceiver, a hypocrite, and a liar!" Whereas, that person who begins in the way of truth, and undeviatingly pursues it through evil and good report, through the darkness as well as the light, acquires that most honorable character for veracity and reliable worth which is often expressed by the term "as good as gold," as "sound as the rock," etc.; according to Scripture is this—for it is written—"The lip of truth shall be established forever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment." It is also written in most impressive words, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and *whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.*" There is a proverb that "truth, by whomsoever spoken, comes from God;" and there is an inspired saying that the devil "is a liar and the father of it."

Who can behold the truth, as exhibited in personal speech, and not admire? It is the cement of all the best interests of society, without which the foundations of peace and safety would crumble into dust.

2. Immoderation. This is to be considered with reference to actions. To this habit are women also not a little addicted. Eve, not content with the ordinary fruits of Eden, immoderately desired to partake of the last and forbidden tree, and consequently sinned. It is related that the women of Babylon exceeded the men in the revelry of their bacchanalian orgies. As a general thing, any woman who indulges in gayety and frivolous amusement, will carry her passion for its gratification to the utmost limit. The sex is ever prone to extremes.

A young lady in absorption of a fascinating

novel will abstain from eating her accustomed meals; then, at a late hour, will devour what would constitute a very respectable dinner for several gentlemen. She will wear a blanket shawl in a heated room at home, complaining of being "half-dead" with a cold, and on the evening of the same day will appear in company in a thin dress, thin shoes, and with uncovered neck and arms. To-day one of these persons will be unusually gracious to a friend; to-morrow will scarcely bestow a glance of recognition. One day in a week, perhaps, such a young lady at school will be prepared with a fine lesson; the remaining day will scarcely know a word of her tasks. Again: on one occasion she will conduct with the utmost propriety; soon thereafter will be transformed into a hoyden, or a termagant, "throwing the periwig into the fire," as it is expressed in the Tattler. On some new and exciting occasion one of these women will be apparently devout as a Madonna; straightway will go to the other extreme, and perhaps even ridicule "the pious." Again: she will take to plain dressing, and appear for some time very bravely in her own receiving-rooms or elsewhere in calico, with a handkerchief, which cost a dime, tied about her neck; not long after she will flourish in a morning suit of brocade, with pearls or diamonds and honiton laces. One of the immoderate mothers to-day will "turn over a new leaf," and in putting things "to rights" will whip to a blister her favorite child, discharge every servant in her employ, and turn every thing about her topsyturvy; to-morrow she will nearly smother the same child with caresses, calling it her poor, dear darling, and feeding it with a little very sweetened wine to keep up its precious little heart; she will coax back her servants by adding an extra sum to their weekly wages, and will suffer many things about the house to fall into abuse and neglect.

All these extremes are exceedingly incompatible with the stability of a noble character, whose basis is truth. Says an English author, "Truth, like light, travels only in straight lines." A woman, whether old or young, who loves to be truthful in all her ways as well as words, will find no occasion for these devious and extraordinary courses, in order to gratify her passions for pleasing herself or astonishing others. "A virtuous life must be all of a piece, and not advanced by starts and intervals," says Seneca.

3. The undue exercise of the imagination. This is the chief concomitant of falsehood, or the absence of truth, and is the very foundation of much of error in the world. An exercise of this faculty within certain limits enables the artist to devise and execute beautiful combinations

from nature; the poet to idealize the world and all life within it; and the narrator in prose to delight and thrill with his word pictures of the beautiful, the sublime, the curious, the rare, and even the unsightly. But all persons, and especially the young, should guard against giving free play to this faculty, and fully indulging its gratification by any of the common methods which are not of the truth.

There is a numerous class of our sex of a certain order of training, who would seem to live in a sphere of imagination or untruth. They regard objects and scenes with "large eyes," as the phrase is.

In every crevice of the wall of their range of vision lurks the prince of evil with a knowing wink, and points to many a one in the host around with a significant—"There's a rogue! look out!" Spenser describes a specimen of this class:

"Shewing his nature in his countenance,
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte eachwhere for fear of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace."

Sinners of the blackest dye out of sight are thicker around them than the thick bosses of a buckler. Hence comes poisonous *slander*, that deadly upas in the garden of the world, which withers or destroys all who come within its shadow!

Some body—and too often it is a woman—sees something, a trifle in itself, which is magnified into a mountain by the aid of her strong power of imagination, then passed about from one tea-drinking, or other gathering, to another, losing nothing with each repetition but gaining much, till a "great story" is manufactured, producing a "great sensation," and finally causing a great amount of evil.

This magnifying imagination regards all events as imminent or awfully fearful. A moral earthquake is every-where threatening. They are always on the eve of some great "crisis." The whole world hangs upon a hair, and the evil one is just ready to dexterously use the Fates' scissors. At every unusual event abroad they shake their heads mysteriously and whisper "the millennium is coming." "Spirits unseen" are their boon companions, and their patron saint is the witch of Endor.

We have actually heard of a veritable specimen of this genus who could get no relief from spleen till certain nails in the floor had been held down for some length of time, till the spell was broken and the world was safe!

These persons not only luxuriate in the untrue and marvelous for themselves, but delight in

nothing so much as exciting every one about them to the highest *furor* of imaginative elevation. Does it thunder? They warn others to prepare for a "terrible shower, for the thunder is going to crack down in deafening peals and the lightning will probably do a great deal of damage."

Are you about to have a tooth extracted? They tell you that some body who had a tooth located precisely like yours, had it broken off so that it lastingly injured the jaw, besides nearly causing death at the time of the operation.

Are you pale? You are in confirmed consumption. Even your general good health is but a flattering delusion, and your slight cough is a post-horn warning of the approach of the last stages.

O this world is such a miserable, dangerous, good-for-nothing sphere, compared with the uninspired accounts of the "upper circles," it is a marvel how one can resist the delectable temptation of supping on strychnine!

Now all this is but an agglomeration of falsehood proceeding from the unreasonable exercise of the imagination, against which every young person should beware as of a pestilence. If one has to meet any emergency, let him meet it in the fear of God, and not of the devil and his friends, in trust in divine goodness and power, and not in slender reeds of superstition, which break with the using. The worst is only death; and as all must die once, wherefore make such ado about any thing?

If we have perfect faith in the one all-powerful God, we may rely on his promise that as our day is, so shall be our strength. What more can we desire? Let every young person who finds herself in the least degree nursing this egg of false imagination in her bosom, which will only hatch vipers of unrest, calamity, and destruction, pluck it forth and break it to atoms against the solid basis of sound judgment and real truth! Remember that the world has gone on for thousands of years in the same regular, reasonable course, and that the great destructive events thereon were occasioned by the wickedness of the wicked in trusting in false gods which are the offspring of this same undue exercise of the imagination. But if you begin to believe in shapes of evil, and trust in signs, wonders, and prodigies, God will undoubtedly permit your unhallowed faith to be gratified till you arrive at that point which is insanity of the moral system, if not of the mental.

The best method for the young, by which to guard against such fallacies, is to early exercise their reasoning faculties rather than the imagination. They should be careful of their reading and avoid any false intellectual stimulus. Let

them never lie in bed and read by gaslight "entertaining books" of murder and hair-breadth escapes; then when they attempt to sleep in the darkness they will not be haunted with mysterious visitants with more mysterious sounds. Let them be regular, reasonable, and moderate in all things, striving ever to preserve the "golden mean."

Above all should we cultivate the conscience. We should always inquire of ourselves, when any course of conduct is proposed for adoption, or any passion clamors for indulgence, or any opinion would fasten upon the mind with the tenacity of a belief, whether it is right because it is of the *truth*.

If we can not decide for ourselves, we should seek advice of our most reliable friends. But we should beware of asking counsel of those who do not cherish the truth in their lives in its whole purity and beauty, but who secretly join hands with error and superstition. Invariably should we seek wisdom from Him who has promised to give it to all such liberally and upbraideth not.

We may not always discover the truth without much effort; for though it giveth wings, it lieth "in the bottom of a well." But no truly-sincere and persevering seeker was ever disappointed. Once having met with the object of our search, and we are free to rise above the darts of error with the wings of righteousness, in the strength of Him from whom proceedeth all truth.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

THERE'S a beautiful home in the kingdom above,
Where sorrow and sin never dwell;
Where Jesus infolds in his sheltering arms
The lambs that he loveth so well.

Beyond the dark waves of the river of death,
In the realm of the angels it stands,
And the dear little children are gathering there,
With harps of bright gold in their hands.

And this is the song that the little ones sing,
"We bless thee, our Shepherd and Guide,
Whose blood hath redeemed us and washed us from
sin,

And brought us to dwell by thy side."

Thou tender Redeemer, O teach us to pray,
And every temptation to flee,
That when from the earth thou dost call us away,
We children may come unto thee!

Then joining the choir in the beautiful home,
Forever and ever we'll sing,
"All blessing and honor, thanksgiving and praise,
To Jesus, our Savior and king."

THE EARLY SUNSET.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

A lovely home was the one to which Charles Dayton brought his young bride, Annabelle, in the pleasant, early spring-time. If it were true, as the old rhyme sings,

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on,"

all might well have prophesied for her a bright and joyous future. The lowly crocus kissed her feet as she passed along the winding way which led to her new home, and fairy snowflakes bowed their gentle heads to welcome her, while the sunny daffodils smiled out a gleeful welcome. The plum-trees waved their graceful arms, and scattered down upon her head a shower of snowy petals, while through the silvery mist the blue sky gleamed without a cloud; within the little home an exquisite taste was displayed even in the minutest appointments. There were no stately rooms shut out from air and sunlight, to be opened only on rare occasions, but the pleasant parlor was for home use—the easy chair and the handsome sofa were for the comfort of the young husband when he returned at nightfall, wearied out with the hard day's labor. Annabelle's favorite willow-chair faced the sunset window, which opened on a lovely grape-vine arbor, built entirely in the intervals of business, by a pair of hands which joyed to labor for her pleasure. They truly realized the poet's song,

"Home is where there's one to love us,
Home is where there's one to love."

It was sad that a home so fair should be left so insecure; yes, far more unprotected than if it had been constructed without a roof to cover it! There was no family altar there, no higher love than for each other, no acknowledgment of the great source from whence so many blessings flowed!

But days of pleasant sunshine glided on, the kind Father above still filling their cup with mercies, which as yet had failed to draw their hearts to him. Charles was a young man, with his way to make in the world, and Annabelle was a help meet for him. He was still slightly in debt for his home, but with industry and prudence he hoped to be entirely free from it before the end of the year. His young wife, with a true woman's spirit, desired to aid him in the work, and at last obtained his consent to her instructing a small class of music scholars in her leisure hours. To this, at length, was added a little class in pencil-drawing, and when the first course of lessons closed, she was able to place in the hands of her husband fifty dollars in shining gold, all to be applied in payment of the debt.

"I will divide the place with you now, Charles," she said laughing; "the big pear-tree and the arbor are all mine, remember, though I shall be very generous, and give you all the fruit you wish, especially that which grows on the high branches."

No millionaire could have felt richer than this humble sum made Charles Dayton and his happy Anna, though he insisted that "every dollar of it was too precious to spend."

She took her little class again for a second course with new energy and double pleasure, and so popular had she become as an instructress, that three more were added to their number.

The chilling winter winds at length came howling about the closed casements. Dead leaves from the trees and arbor

"Surge the drifts—the elm bough sways,
Creaking at the homestead window,
All the weary nights and days."

But within the fire was always burning brightly, and the rosy carpet gave a summer glow to the pleasant little parlor. The long evenings never grew dull and wearisome; for Charles spent them beside his fireside, reading aloud, while Anna busied her little fingers with fancy knitting or some light needle-work. Occasionally the sound of a slight hacking cough caused the reader to pause and cast an anxious glance toward the occupant of the little willow-chair; but the assurance that it was "nothing worth a moment's thought, just a little irritation of the throat, caused perhaps by a flake of lint from her work," quieted for a time his fears. But the winter days wore on, and the "slight irritation" increased so alarmingly that a physician was at length consulted; Annabelle smiling still at her careful husband's "needless alarm and idle fears." Thus insidiously does that dark destroyer, the consumption, ever steal upon its victim, lulling by its deceitful voice, even when the feet have commenced a descent to the silent valley.

Her kind physician, who had known her from her childhood, saw at a glance the fearful foothold which disease had taken, and with a father's tenderness sought to prepare her mind for the sad announcement. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky fell the dreadful intelligence upon that circle of loving hearts. Only Anna was calm and fearless; for she thought, as thousands have done before her, that the "little cough" would pass away with the cold weather, and she should be well and strong as ever. But her eye grew brighter, her hand thinner, and her step more noiseless day by day. Before another spring-time all around her saw with bitter anguish that very soon the damp

mold would be lying on the breast of their fair, fading flower. A mother and sister came to watch beside her, and every art which earthly love could devise was employed to render her remaining hours bright and cheerful. Beautiful pictures adorned the walls of her apartment, music soothed her ear when weary or restless, and a loving sister read to her every day her favorite authors, and the various light but fascinating stories of the day, taking care that none should be of a somber, gloomy cast.

Was there no one to point the dying girl to the only true support as she passed through the dark valley? Must she go alone through its awful gloom? Is there not one truly wise among all who gather about her? There was indeed one faithful heart which bled and prayed for her; one who had been long her teacher, and had many times sought to impress her gay and happy heart with a sense of her spiritual needs—had entreated her, in the morning of life, to give herself away to Jesus; and now she longed to seek her chamber, and once more renew these entreaties. She certainly would listen to them when she saw the joys and treasures of this life so rapidly receding.

But the poor deluded mother resolutely refused to allow her darling's mind to be "agitated" by religious conversation. It was "entirely unnecessary," and might result in instant death, then she should never forgive herself for having permitted it; she wished her last hours to be happy and peaceful, and there certainly was no cause for solicitude with regard to the eternal future of one so amiable and lovely. "Miss S—— would please excuse her for not granting the interview." With a heart full of anguish the devoted friend was at length obliged to leave, not, however, without a solemn, kindly warning to the misjudging mother, who received it with polite indifference.

Again

"The wild pinks hedge the meadows,
Blushing out their slender stems,
And the dandelions starry
Cover all the hills with gems."

Again the plum-tree waved its graceful arms all blossom-laden, and the daffodils and crocus, "all were up in golden crowds." But May-day did not wear the brightness of one year before.

In a large and airy apartment, with casement open to admit the breeze that it might fan the gasping sufferer, a group of weeping friends were gathered to take a last farewell. Annabelle sat in her easy chair, as she had done every day, robed in a handsome morning dress, with a bouquet in her bosom, and a single blossom twined in her dark hair.

But her mind was floating slowly away from the narrow shore, with its shining pebbles! Her words came slow and labored; but the quick ear of affection did not lose a breath.

"I must go away from you all," she said, in a tone of infinite sadness, "and I must go *alone*, alone! not one of you can go down to the dark grave with me—the way seems so lonely, mother. You will all be so happy here when the home is paid for, and you can make it so beautiful, but Annabelle will not be here to see it. We had so many pleasant plans to carry out this spring."

A terrible paroxysm of suffocation choked her voice, and it seemed that the little flickering light of life would be quite extinguished.

But once more she recovered breath, and feeling that the time was short she bade a sad, affectionate adieu to all her loved ones. Her noble Newfoundland dog lay at her feet, apparently comprehending the scene, and occasionally uttering a low, piteous whine.

"Good-by, poor Prince," she said, "Annabelle can never feed you again," and the faithful creature, at the sound of her voice, aroused himself and laid his huge paw, as lightly as a feather's weight, upon her almost transparent hand, as he had been accustomed to do in brighter, merrier hours. She tried to give him a farewell caress, but the hand fell powerless, and with a mournful cry Prince lay down at her feet again.

Another paroxysm succeeded, more dreadful than the first, and when it passed there was one quick, convulsive shudder, one fearful contortion of the countenance, and Annabelle's soul had entered eternity!

A mother's hand closed forever the lids upon the sweet blue eyes, and then the grief which had been hushed to catch the latest whisper burst forth with a violence that would not be controlled. There was no Savior to go to in their hour of darkness, and they must tread the pathway of sorrow *alone*, as poor Annabelle had walked "through the dark valley of the shadow of death."

Days wore on, and many friends called to gaze upon her lovely, almost smiling face, as she lay there in an open metallic coffin, with a beautiful robe of merino and satin folded about her slender form. A cluster of snowflakes placed in her hand remained four days without at all fading, and were still blooming, when the lid, at last, was closed forever upon the dreamless sleeper. Though no effort was spared to rob the remorseless king of his usual terrors, I have seldom gazed on a shrouded form with sadder thoughts than those which oppressed my soul, as I stood beside the coffin of my early friend and school-mate. How the world's fair frost-work vanishes

before that solemn word, *eternity!* How heart-rending the thought that a life so pleasant and lovely should end in "the blackness of darkness forever!" "Beware, ye that forget God!"

"We will have her always near us," said the bereaved friends, and they laid her down to rest in her own loved arbor, just outside her favorite window. O that we might enjoy one sweet assurance that her spirit had passed into the sunlight of God's love; that she was

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!"

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

BY HON. G. F. DISOSWAY.

THERE are very few readers in our day who are unacquainted with the beautiful story of Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin St. Pierre. He was an officer of the garrison at the island of Mauritius, now the "Isle of France," in 1744; and at that time a melancholy shipwreck happened on one of its coral reefs, and furnished the basis on which the accomplished author reared his renowned and interesting fiction. The illusion of the romantic narrative is perfect; still the picture of the raging storm, and the bold and generous Paul, is only a myth.

On the night of the 18th of August, 1744, the French ship *St. Gévan* was wrecked upon a reef, at the north-eastern coast of Mauritius. Among the passengers were two young ladies, Mallet and Caillon, both of whom were lost; they had been sent to France for education, and were now returning home. From the French official statement at the time, Mademoiselle Caillon was last seen upon the top-gallant fore-castle of the wrecked vessel with a gentleman fellow-passenger, Monsieur Longchamps de Montendre. At this perilous moment he was endeavoring to persuade her to be saved by his efforts. But to accomplish this object it was necessary for her to disincumber herself of some clothing, and this, from extreme delicacy, she declined doing. Both perished, with a greater part of the crew. Montendre, it was imagined, was a lover of Mademoiselle Caillon; for having prepared to throw himself into the sea from the ship's side, he returned, earnestly endeavoring to persuade the French girl to leave the vessel with him, but refusing, he would not again quit her side and fate.

The other, Mademoiselle Mallet, was on the quarter-deck with Monsieur de Peramont, who never left her for a moment. What strong and touching instances of affection in life and death; and from them St. Pierre originated his tender story. Strangers, of course, visiting the beauti-

ful "Isle of France," desire to look upon scenes so remarkably consecrated by the pen of genius, and also to visit what the islanders call the graves of Paul and Virginia. This spot is also another part of the beautiful fiction: an eccentric French gentleman, having his country residence near the supposed graves of some of the wrecked, placed in his garden two monuments to the fictitious memories of Paul and Virginia—Mademoiselle Caillon and Monsieur Montendre. His object doubtless was to increase the attractions of his residence, and thus extend to numerous visitors that hospitality for which the French of his day were celebrated. This kind and eccentric gentleman has been dead a long time, but the tombs of Paul and Virginia are now standing in a dilapidated state. Still they attract strangers. The officers of the Mississippi, on their Japan mission voyage, visited the famous spot, and at its entrance money was demanded to "*see the show*," as they term it. To see Longwood and Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena the same gentlemen had to pay for "both sights," and they state that "this custom of demanding payment from visitors to places of public interest is almost peculiar to the English, and may be found throughout the extent of her Majesty's dominions." The British Government should see to this grave matter.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY JOSEPH T. PICKERING.

RECLINING on a daisied bank

Near by a river's side,
I saw a boat, with silken sail,
Come floating down the tide.

Its course was swift, the water smooth;
Fair, free, and fresh the wind;
Thus tree, and copse, and tangled brake
Were soon left far behind.

The rippling waters kissed its keel,
And sweet the healthful breeze,
Laden with perfume from the flowers,
Came rustling through the trees.

Onward it sped, until at length
The river's mouth it neared;
Then on the glassy ocean's breast
Grew dim and disappeared.

Such was the *Christian's* bark, and O,
With such a course divine,
May my life's bark as gently glide
Adown the stream of Time!

And when the port at length is reached,
May He, by whom 't was given,
Translate my happy, eager soul
Back to its native heaven!

THE RELIGIOUS SPHERE OF WOMAN.

SECOND PAPER.

BY REV. E. M. BEACH.

WHEN men of unquestioned piety and intelligence, and even grave divines, assert that it is a "shame for women to speak in the Church," one would naturally come to the conclusion that, in order to clear her from reproach, formidable Scripture arguments must be met and answered. But when we search for the Bible proof of this notion, what is our surprise to be able to find but two texts that are even claimed in its support! One reads as follows: "Let your women keep silence in the Churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the Church." The other: "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

It will be observed that nothing is said in the last quotation to make it at all certain that the apostle is speaking of teaching in the Church, though it is generally so understood. Here we have the whole array of testimony in support of an opinion that has prevailed extensively in the Christian Church, silencing the voice of thousands who would but for this have spoken with gushing eloquence upon the subject of religion. But this notion is fast dying out. May the shades of oblivion soon cover it!

But as we frankly confess that the Scriptures above alluded to seem, at first view, to prohibit woman's speaking in public assemblies on the subject of religion, the question arises at once, are there any Scriptures that favor it? any that enjoin it? If so, then we must reconcile these seemingly-discordant passages according to the acknowledged rules of Biblical exegesis. If we turn to the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we will read a quotation from the prophet Joel, the fulfillment of which Peter declared took place on the day of Pentecost. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," etc. By the "last days" is meant the whole sweep of time from the commencement of the Christian Church to the closing up of all earthly things. Hence, the prophecy was not only applicable to the day of Pentecost, but to all subsequent time. But what is meant by prophesying? Dr. Clarke says, "It is not to be understood here as implying the knowledge of future events, but signifies to teach and proclaim the great truths of God, especially those which concerned redemption by

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Jesus Christ." That this is a correct view, any one may be fully satisfied by reading the fourteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. Here the word "speak" or "teach" and "prophesy" are used synonymously.

This being admitted our point is gained; for in the eleventh chapter of 1st Corinthians the apostle gives direction that when women pray or *prophesy* they shall cover their heads. "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head"—her husband. According to oriental custom the veil was a badge of subjection. Therefore, if a woman was unveiled in public she dishonored her husband, by robbing him of the superiority which God in the beginning gave to man.

Now we ask, who can believe that Paul at one time would positively forbid women to speak in the house of God, and at another time give direction how the very thing prohibited should be performed? Let those believe it who can. Here we might rest the argument; but we will proceed to inquire if any females *did* prophesy or exhort in the Apostolic Church. We are told by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles that Philip, one of the seven deacons, had four daughters that did prophesy. Now, it is quite likely that these daughters of the evangelist, feeling an intense interest in the things of religion, as every pious female should, labored both publicly and privately for the welfare of souls. That they did this in a more public manner than ordinary Christians is evident from the prominence given them by the sacred historian.

Another woman, of whom honorable mention is made as a laborer in the Lord's vineyard, is Priscilla. She, with her husband, Aquila, lived at Corinth, with whom Paul for a time resided, and labored at tent-making. That she occupied an eminent position as a prophetess or teacher, appears from her having, in concert with her husband, instructed Apollos, who, though an "eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures," understood only the rudiments of Christianity. This devoted couple, hearing the eloquent preacher in the Synagogue at Ephesus, and perceiving that he had not been inducted into the fullness of divine knowledge, took him and "instructed him in the way of the Lord more perfectly."

Nor can we say with any show of consistency that this was a mere casualty; that Aquila and Priscilla were not engaged in the Lord's vineyard as special laborers. It will be seen by reading their history that when Paul left Corinth they accompanied him to Ephesus. Here they parted, Paul proceeding to Jerusalem to be present at the feast of the passover.

Now, if they were not engaged as teachers or

exhorters—it would not do, of course, to say preachers—we can see no reason why they should have left their home at Corinth and gone to Ephesus. It is true Aquila might have changed his location for the purpose of bettering his pecuniary circumstances; but the probabilities are all against this, as they are called by the apostle, in his Epistle to the Romans, his “helpers in Christ Jesus.” This surely can not refer to tent-making nor any secular employment; hence, they must have been engaged, in some sense, in the ministry.

And what more need be said? The time would fail us to speak of Miriam the prophetess, who sang a song of triumph when the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea “dry shod;” of Hannah the mother of Samuel; of Deborah, who delivered Israel in the days of Sisera; of Phoebe, who was a servant of the Church at Cenchrea, and a “succorer of many;” of Mary, who bestowed much labor on Paul; of Tryphena, Tryphosa, and the beloved Persus, who “*labored much in the Lord.*” Also of modern women, as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Rogers, Lady Maxwell, and a host of others. These all labored faithfully and successfully for their Master; “endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ;” suffered persecution, reproach, and shame with the people of God; counting the “reproach of Christ” “greater riches” than any thing this vain world could offer; “quenched all the fiery darts of the wicked;” triumphed by faith in Christ, and passed on to the better land.

It only remains now to show how the Scriptures upon this subject may be reconciled. What does the apostle mean when he says, “Let your women keep silence,” etc.? It is well known that the manner of teaching among the Jews was by questions, disputations, etc. The speaker was often interrupted by his hearers for the purpose of drawing out what seemed ambiguous in the discourse. This women were not permitted to do. We close by giving an extract from Dr. Clarke:

“It is evident from the context that the apostle refers here to asking questions, and what we call dictating in the assemblies. It was permitted to any man to ask questions, to object, altercation, attempt to refute, etc., in the synagogue; but this liberty was not allowed to any woman. St. Paul confirms this also in reference to the Christian Church; he orders them to ‘keep silence,’ and if they wished to learn any thing, let them ‘inquire of their husbands at home, because it was perfectly indecorous for women to be contending with men in public assemblies on points of doctrine, cases of conscience, etc. But this by no means intimated that when a woman received any particular influence from God to enable her to teach, that she was not to obey that influence.”

ALMOST HOME.

BY MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.

SEE, the light is fading!
That faint and flickering ray
Gleams with unwonted brightness,
Then slowly sinks away;
Carefully, carefully cherish the spark,
When vanished forever home will be dark.

Those footsteps once so buoyant
Fall wearily and slow;
But rest is just before her,
She hath not far to go;
Patiently, patiently lead her along,
She is the weak and thou art the strong.

Though seeming trifles move her,
Chide not her flowing tears;
Mole-hills appear like mountains
To her excited fears;
Lovingly, lovingly kiss her pale brow,
The shadow of pain hath passed from it now.

In the social circle
Feels she most alone,
Her dull ear vainly striving
To catch a single tone;
Mournfully, mournfully heaving a sigh,
She ceases to listen—ask her not why.

Ay, place thy chair beside her;
A husband's tender heart
Feels every secret sorrow,
And strives to bear a part;
Gratefully, gratefully fall on her ear
The words he repeats in tones she can hear.

Beautiful the footprints
On the shores of time,
Marked by duteous children
In their early prime;
Cheerfully, cheerfully hasting away
On errands of love her love to repay.
Like dewy odors wafted
On the breath of morn,
Fall the soft caresses
Of the youngest born;
Little one, little one, kneel by her chair,
When silent she sleeps remember her prayer.

The silver cord is loosing;
Soon the ebbing tide
Will gently, gently land her
On the other side;
Wearily, wearily sighing for rest,
Bid her Godspeed to the land of the blest.

Though the waning taper
Seemingly expire,
Death can not extinguish
The pure immortal fire;
Returning, returning to God whence it came,
His breath will enkindle the spark to a flame.

Let not your hearts be troubled;
When the light of home
Hath passed away forever,
The Comforter will come;
Whispering, whispering, Be of good cheer,
In all thy afflictions thy Savior is near.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any record in the world of letters. Many authors have been as idle; many as improvident; some as drunken and dissipated; and a few, perhaps, as treacherous and ungrateful; but *he* seems to have succeeded in attracting and combining, in his own person, all the floating vices which genius had hitherto shown itself capable of grasping in its widest and most eccentric orbit. Yet his chances of success at the outset of life were great and manifold. Nature was bountiful to him; bestowing upon him a pleasing person and excellent talents. Fortune favored him; education and society expanded and polished his intellect, and improved his manner into an insinuating and almost irresistible address. Upon these foundations he took his stand; became early very popular among his associates, and might have erected a laudable reputation, had he possessed ordinary prudence. But he defied his good genius. There was a perpetual strife between him and virtue, in which virtue was never triumphant. His moral stamen was weak, and demanded resolute treatment; but instead of seeking a bracing and healthy atmosphere, he preferred the impurer airs, and gave way readily to those low and vulgar appetites, which infallibly relax and press down the victim to the lowest state of social abasement.

The usual prizes of life—reputation, competency, friendship, love—presented themselves in turn; but they were all in turn neglected or forfeited—repeatedly, in fact, abandoned under the detestable passion for drink. He outraged his benefactor, he deceived his friends, he sacrificed his love, he became a beggar, a vagabond, the slanderer of a woman, the delirious drunken pauper of a common hospital—hated by some, despised by others, and avoided by all respectable men.

Edgar Allan Poe, we are told, was the son of an American father and an English mother. On the death of his respectable parents, which event occurred when he was about six years of age, he was thrown penniless upon the world. Providence decreed that he should be adopted by a rich and benevolent merchant, Mr. John Allan. This gentleman took him to England; placed him at a school there for four or five years, and, on his return to the United States, entered him at the University of Charlottesville. Here the youth broke loose from the trammels of authority, and distinguished himself not only by his talents, but by the wildest excesses. It is argued, in his excuse, that the manners of the Univers-

ity at this time were extremely dissolute. Poe, however, young as he was, exceeded all his fellows. Not only, it is said, was he "the wildest and most reckless student of his class," but he mastered the most difficult problems with ease, and kept "all the while in the first rank for scholarship." He would, in fact, have "graduated in the highest honors, had not his gambling, intemperance, and other vices induced his expulsion from the University." Thus early did the demon disclose itself which was to have such an overwhelming influence on his future life.

His allowance of money at Charlottesville had been liberal; yet he quitted that place very much in debt, and when Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his losses at gaming, he wrote him an abusive letter and left his house.

For about a year he seems to have wandered through Europe; but at the end of that time he contrives to reach St. Petersburg, where the American minister—Mr. Middleton—is summoned one day to save him from the penalties of a drunken debauch. Through this gentleman's kindness Poe is enabled to return to America. Mr. Allan—although he is now not so cordial as formerly—declares himself still willing to serve the culprit, and, at his request, exerts his interest and obtains a scholarship in the military academy. Here Poe works assiduously for some months, but his habits of dissipation are renewed, and in "ten months from his matriculation he is cashiered."

Upon this second expulsion he goes once more to the house of Mr. Allan, at Richmond, who is even then disposed to treat him as a son, but Poe, by some very offensive act, forces his old patron to close his doors against him.

Our future author now endeavors to earn his bread by printing a volume of poems, and by contributing to the journals. The result is a failure, and his next step is to enlist as a private soldier, and then—to desert. His friends surmise that he probably did not like the "monotony of a soldier's life." It does not appear that he encountered the punishment which he deserved for his breach of military discipline; but that he had to fare hardly is clearly the case. For he subsequently contests for, and—almost as a matter of course—obtains a certain prize offered by the proprietor of "The Baltimore Saturday Visitor;" and upon the occasion comes forward in a state of the most squalid poverty. His destitute condition, indeed, operates so effectually on some compassionate people, especially on a Mr. Kennedy, that he is sent to a clothing store, and afterward to a bath, in order to enable him to recover, outwardly at least, the appearance of a gentleman.

By the help of his new friends he obtains the editorship of a "Richmond Magazine," but after a short time is found "in a condition of brutish drunkenness," which "results in his dismissal." His employer at this period was a Mr. White, a gentleman evidently kind and long-enduring, but who at the same time speaks very plainly to "Edgar," consenting to take him back as an assistant, only on condition that he will "promise to separate from the bottle." This promise is of course speedily made, and as speedily broken.

We are not able to ascertain the precise date at which he borrowed a poem from Professor Longfellow, imitated it, and afterward *denounced the author as a plagiarist from himself, the Simulator*. The mimic poem is called "The Haunted House," and is one of Poe's best pieces of verse. The original is "The Beleaguered City," of Mr. Longfellow. There are, necessarily, statement and counterstatement in this case; but while we have the most entire reliance on Mr. Longfellow's word, we confess that we place none whatever on the assertion of Edgar Poe.

Poe's next appearance is as a writer in a magazine established by Mr. Burton, in Philadelphia. He remains with this gentleman till June, 1840, more than a year. This long lapse into sobriety is followed by the usual fit of intemperance. "On one occasion, returning after the regular day of publication, he [Mr. Burton] found the number unfinished, and Poe incapable of duty." Notwithstanding this, the wretched culprit is forgiven, and accepted again as a coadjutor in the magazine.

"In two or three months afterward Burton went out of town to fulfill a professional engagement, leaving material and directions for completing the next number of the magazine in four days. He was absent nearly a fortnight, and on his return he found that his printer in the mean while had not received a line of copy, but that Poe had prepared the prospectus of a new monthly, and obtained transcripts of his subscription and account books, to be used in a scheme for supplanting him!"

From the house of Mr. Burton our author migrates to that of Mr. Graham, where he is installed as editor of "Graham's Magazine." He works there for a short time, and is again dismissed. He then tries to establish a journal of his own, called "The Stylus," but fails, and eventually, in 1844, removes to New York. Here he distinguishes himself by borrowing fifty dollars from a "celebrated literary lady." On failing to repay them on the day promised, and being asked for an acknowledgment of the debt, to be shown to the lady's husband, he at once denies all knowledge of the transaction, and threatens to

exhibit, to the husband, a correspondence which, as he states, "*would make the woman infamous, if she said any more on the subject.*" Such correspondence had never existed!

The few remaining incidents of his life afford little or no variety or relief from the foregoing history. They are all tinged by the same gloom. His wife, whom he had married when residing at Richmond, dies. During her last illness her mother is met going about from place to place, in the bitter weather, half-starved and thinly clad, with a poem or some other literary article, which she was striving to sell; or otherwise she was begging for him and his poor partner, both being in want of the commonest necessities of life.

Nevertheless, even after this prostration, Poe seems to have arisen for a short period, and to have signalized himself by some more literary activity. He wrote an essay, entitled "Eureka," delivered lectures, and—his wife being then dead—engaged himself to marry "one of the most brilliant women of New England." This engagement, however, is one that he means to break. "Mark me," he says, "I shall not marry her." In furtherance of this gentlemanlike decision, he deliberately gets drunk, and on the evening before the appointed bridal is found "reeling through the streets, and in his drunkenness commits, at her house, such outrages as render it necessary to summon the police." He went from New York with a "*determination thus to induce the ending of the engagement,*" and—succeeded.

His last journey is now to be taken. He travels as far as Baltimore, but never returns. He is seen a short time afterward in that city, in such a state as is induced by long-continued intoxication, and after "a night of insanity and exposure," he is carried to a hospital, and there on the evening of Sunday, the 7th day of October, 1849, he dies, at the age of thirty-eight years!

One of his biographers concludes with the words, "It is a melancholy history." We trust that it will prove a profitable one; for unless we are mistaken, it involves a moral that may be studied with advantage by future authors.

There can be no question that Edgar Poe possessed much subtilty of thought; an acute reasoning faculty; imagination of a gloomy character, and a remarkable power of analysis. This last quality, which from its frequent use almost verges upon disease, pervaded nearly all his stories, and is in effect his main characteristic. Other persons have drawn as unreservedly from the depths of horror. But few others, with the exception of Browne and Godwin, have devo-

ted themselves to that curious persevering analysis of worldly mysteries by which Poe has earned so large a portion of his reputation. The impression made upon the mind of the reader by the apparently-wonderful solutions of the most difficult problems will not easily be forgotten. Yet, on examining the marvel more attentively, he will divest himself of a good deal of his admiration by reflecting—as Dr. Griswold justly observes—that the ingenuity is displayed “in unraveling a web which has been woven for the express purpose of unraveling.” Every man, in fact, is able readily to explain the riddle which he himself has fabricated, however laborious the process of manufacturing it may have been.

How far the thrilling interest which Poe infused into his stories may be traced to the acute sensations which he himself endured in a state of excitement or despondency, we have no means of knowing. But we think that no writer would have resorted so incessantly to the violent measures and extreme distresses which constitute the subject of his narratives, in a good sound condition of health. His imagination appears to have been absolutely embarrassed by a profusion of visionary alarms and horrors. We rise up from his pages as from the spectacle of some frightful disaster—relieved because the worst is over, and happy that we are left at last to partake of less stirring pleasures, and to return to the calmer sensations of ordinary life.

Edgar Poe had no humor, properly so called. His laugh was feeble, or it was a laugh of ill-temper, exhibiting little beyond the turbulence of his own mind. He was carping and sarcastic, and threw out occasionally a shower of sharp words upon the demerits of his cotemporaries; but of that genial humor which shines through a character, fixes it in a class, and shows by what natural gradations it moves, and by what aspects and impulses it claims to resemble the large brotherhood of man, he possessed nothing. The ordinary incidents of life—the domestic affections, the passions, the intermixture of good and evil, of strength and weakness, in the great human family who pass by our doors every day, and who sit beside us, love us, serve us, maltreat us—as the varying mood prompts—were unknown to him, or disregarded. Yet these things constitute the staple—the best and most essential parts of the modern novel. They intrude themselves, in fact, into our acquaintance, so frequently, so intimately, that we can not ignore their existence. In the present case we are at a loss to understand how a person so acute as our author could have neglected to place upon record what must have so incessantly forced itself upon his observation; nay, what must have met and

jostled him so frequently in his rough journey through life.

The poetical works of the author need not detain us long. With one remarkable exception, his verses do not differ materially from others of the same time. They are neither very good nor very bad. They do not exhibit much depth or graphic power, and but little tenderness—nor do they, in fact, possess any of those distinguishing qualities which lift a man up beyond his cotemporaries. The blank verse is not good; but some of the smaller pieces have a smoothness and liquid flow that are pleasant enough. One short poem, said to have been written at the age of fourteen, and addressed “To Helen,” is full of promise.

Of all Mr. Poe's poems, however, “The Raven” is by far the first. It is, like the larger part of the author's writings, of a gloomy cast; but its merit is great, and it ranks in that rare and remarkable class of productions which suffice *singly* to make a reputation. Whether or not it was manufactured in the deliberate way stated by the writer in his article on “The Philosophy of Composition,” we do not know; but the passage in which he dissects with anatomical precision what might otherwise pass for the offspring of impulse and of genius, is curiously characteristic of his analytical disposition. The poem itself, however, deserves to be remembered by all lovers of verse. Its popularity is universal. We therefore transcribe the greater portion of it.

“Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.
‘T is some visitor,’ I muttered, ‘tapping at my
chamber door—

Only this and nothing more.’

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak Decem-
ber,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the
lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
named Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

This it is and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or staid he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sate, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we can not help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'

Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,

'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore—

Of "Never—nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er—

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'

Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—

'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

Quote the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
 is dreaming;
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
 shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
 on the floor

Shall be lifted—never more."

We do not propose to enter into the accuracy of the numerous investigations which Mr. Poe appears to have instituted into the publications of his brother and sister authors. To say the truth, we do not estimate his powers as a critic very highly. His essays on Criticism were, we imagine, written on the spur of the moment, without much consideration, and were more than sufficiently imbued with those prejudices with which he was so apt, we are told, to view the works of cotemporary writers. Some of his essays are very slight and brief; some flippant; some distinguishable for that remarkable power of analysis which he carried into all his productions. His views of "Barnaby Rudge," in the third volume of this collection, is an extraordinary instance of his subtle and discriminating research into the very elements of fiction. It is impossible to trace out with greater nicety the very germ of a plot, and the finest artifices of invention. But here the interest of Edgar Poe's criticisms stops: few of them enter into the question of the peculiar genius of the author reviewed, of the class to which he belongs, of the way in which education and events have molded him, of his habits of every-day life, or of those impulses or physical circumstances which have impelled his intellect to assume that particular shape in which it presents itself before the world.

Without entering into some such considerations, the critic can scarcely place his author fairly on his pedestal. We feel, even in the case of Mr. Poe, that it would have been most desirable if a fuller biography had accompanied his works. Honest and able, as far as it goes, and glancing upon the more prominent events of his life, it leaves us without information on many matters from which much might have been gathered to form an accurate judgment. Perhaps we are, after all, copying the deformities only of the man, at a time when we are anxious to submit all that was good as well as bad to the reader's judgment. The roughnesses that were so conspicuous on the surface of Poe's character would naturally attract the notice of his biographers in the first instance. But, underneath, was there nothing to tell of?—no cheeriness in

the boy—no casual acts of kindness—no adhesion to old friendships—no sympathy with the poor or the unhappy, that might have been brought forward as indicative of his better nature? Even he himself has done nothing to help us. His sketches and stories are singularly deficient in all reference to his own private life. It is strange that a man who did and suffered so much should have left nothing for the historian's hand! The petty acts are indeed before us, but perhaps "the greatest is behind." For no man is thoroughly evil. There must be slumbering virtues—good intentions undeveloped—even good actions, claiming to have a place on the record. Generosity, sympathy, charity have often their abodes in lowly and unexpected places—in poor, thoughtless, humble bosoms—in the hearts of those who have deeply sinned.

The influence of his faults was limited, and the penalty—such as it was—he only had to bear. But the pleasure arising from his writings has been shared by many thousand people. In speaking of himself personally, we have felt bound to express our opinions without any subterfuge. But we are not insensible that, while he grasped and pressed hardly on some individuals with one hand, with the other he scattered his gifts in abundance on the public. These gifts are by no means of a common order, and on balancing the account of the author with posterity, he ought to have credit for their full value.

Fortunately for Edgar Poe, his personal history will be less read, and will be more short-lived than his fictions, which will probably pass into many hands, unaccompanied by the narrative of his personal character or exploits.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WAITING TOO LONG.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

I HEARD the birds singing at break of day,
 And I thought ere its hours had passed away,
 That some act of mercy, some deed of love,
 Should go to my credit in the record above.

So I culled the earliest buds of the spring,
 And thought when kind Summer her first-fruits should
 bring

To throw in the lap of old Autumn, that I
 Would have store of good deeds to my credit on high.

I basked in the frolicsome revels of youth,
 Leaving sober old Age to search after the truth,
 And thought when I entered the valley of years,
 The faith of the Savior should quiet my fears.

But I waited, alas! I waited too long;
 No surplus of good can avail for the wrong;
 Could I borrow the rest of Eternity's years,
 'T would not balance my debt when Justice appears.

WASTED INTELLECT.

BY MINERVA OSBORN.

"He had wasted his goods."—BIBLE.

AMONG all the gifts that are intrusted to the keeping of men, there is not one more precious, nor one more frequently put to an improper use, than the immortal mind. Not only does waste imply the actual destruction, but also the misapplication of what is committed to our trust. Perhaps the unjust steward did not destroy his master's goods; he might have used them in the pursuit of his own profit or pleasure, or he might have been careless in their management. His master received no benefit from them; therefore he who had them in charge was condemned. We, the highly favored of our Creator, are intrusted with a priceless gift, for which we are deeply responsible. We are under obligations to use it, not for the profit of Him who gave it—for he needs not our poor returns—but for the good of our fellow-men. Any other use we can make of it will involve the guilt of wasting the gift with which our Maker has intrusted us.

Many so devote their powers to the affairs of this life, as to render them incapable of any higher employment. They make it the one thing to be desired to become rich and secure honorable mention in the world. If it had been intended that we should be wholly engrossed in the material, to the neglect of the spiritual being, we should not have been endowed with mind. In all the range of the universe, there is nothing that was not intended for use. But there are multitudes that shut up every avenue by which their minds seek to develop their strength, and thus render them useless. In this time of the pressure of business, thousands are uttering the anxious cry, "Something to do!" When shall minds, fettered and dwarfed for lack of employment, receive the attention they demand? They ask for knowledge, and there is no knowledge within the reach of men for the acquisition of which they are not responsible. Knowledge is the bread of life to the mind; the material it requires to work with. The work of life is not fairly commenced till men earnestly engage in the work of mental improvement. This is called an age of general intelligence; in comparison it is true. It is also true that with the generality the capacities with which they are dignified are unemployed. The mind is made for labor, and as long as it is capable of its present degree of development, so long will it be one of the greatest of sins to neglect it.

But the work of mental improvement is attended with difficulties. There are many obstacles to be overcome. First, there is our natural

aversion to mental toil. A recent writer—Dr. Thomson—asserts that men in general are more averse to mental than to physical toil. The mind does not put forth its greatest exertions without strong inducements. No doubt, in provision for this tendency, the mind is endowed with ambition, which, taking advantage of our dread of obscurity, rouses up the sleeping energies. Ambition is not given as a direct means of happiness—for it never allows its votaries sufficient rest for happiness—but as an instigator to action. It speaks to the man of leisure, and he becomes an actor; to the idler, and he starts from his inglorious ease. Dr. Adam Clarke—and such a laborer as he ought to know—asserts that the secret of happiness is never to let the energies play. Rest, after toil, is sweet; but indolence never made any one happy. The consciousness of a useless life is extremely bitter to any one who has in his heart the least principle of good. There is work to do. Truths are yet to be discovered, and there are minds enough to discover them; the great want is to develop and apply this mental strength. It is not that money is scarce that the dubious cry of hard times has so long been heard. It is not in free circulation, and, therefore, thousands suffer for bread. Even so is it with the unemployed faculties of the human mind.

Many render their capacities useless by a want of systematic and continued exertion. Some men's minds are a kind of chaos, that require something more than a few spasmodic efforts to reduce them to a world of beauty. Some are willing to make great efforts for a while, but difficulties soon cool their zeal, and they are again in the beaten track of inaction. A traveler who should, in pursuing a journey, constantly take new routes, would never arrive at his destination. No more will he, who, from a want of system, continually bends his mind in different directions, arrive at mental excellence. If greatness could be achieved in an hour or a day, the world would be full of great men. The magnet, if allowed constantly to exert its force, rapidly increases its power of attraction; but if only used occasionally it soon loses its magnetic force. So if the capacities of the mind are only now and then exerted, it, too, loses its wondrous power.

If the mind is not employed in healthful action, it preys upon itself. Its strength evaporates in idle reverie, or is perverted to the cause of evil. Day-dreaming, however pleasant it may be as a recreation, is a "thief of time." Builders of air-castles rarely construct them of any more solid material. Those who dream the most of future greatness, are less apt to be really great than they who, in self-forgetful toil, spend their

days in useful, well-directed action. When the sun nears its setting, it casts its mellow rays far eastward over the track it has passed; so when the sun of life sinks toward the horizon, then is the time for the mind to cast its glances back, and lose itself in reverie. A useful life of action prepares the way for pleasant reflections in age. But the idler will be solaced by no such pleasant reveries. If the strength of his youth and manhood have been wasted, he will have no pleasure in the even time. Let the child and the old man dream; but let youth and manhood consecrate their powers to the genius of labor.

In order to use our capabilities to the best advantage, we should study the natural tendencies of the mind in order to know for what it is best fitted. Study and discipline are necessary to fit the mind for any employment; but every person has some peculiar mental character by which he is better qualified for one thing than another. Every one should seek to know wherein his strength lies, that he may direct his efforts with wisdom as well as energy. The poet may plow; but he should not do it to the neglect of the gift that is within him. Bunyan might have made a poet; indeed his pages—except his rhymes—do abound in poetic images; but he was not a legislator. Newton was not an orator, but in the field of philosophy he was perfectly at home. Some men are able to exercise their capacities in more than one direction. Wesley united the cool, unbending firmness of a lawgiver with the imagination of a poet. Napoleon could command armies, and form systems of government. The social qualities are not at all incompatible with great intellect. Great kindness of heart usually characterizes the truly great. But the mind seems to delight in rallying its powers to one point. Hence men, in general, are not eminently successful in more than one direction. The man of a mathematical cast of mind should not attempt to ascend Parnassus, lest he find himself taking its dimensions in solid feet, or perpetrating some other like criminal act. Or if not, he might frighten the muses from their sacred haunt. It is torture to place a man of refined poetic temperament in the counting-room, or to compel one of a mechanical genius to plod forever in the narrow circle of plowing, sowing, and reaping. The mind, if compelled to act in opposition to its inclinations, loses half its power. Should a fisherman shoot the finny tribe, or a hunter angle for birds, every body would laugh at his indiscretion; yet man expends his strength to greater disadvantage than this. The world seems to be sadly out of order in this respect. There are no doubt Clays and Burkes plowing the fields or working at the anvil. On the other hand there

are those in places of prominence that would make admirable mechanics. Self-distrust and unfavorable circumstances keep the one from rising to his proper place, while an overreaching ambition raises the other just as much above his natural position. Neither is fitted for his station, neither performs his work well. From a want of adaptation the capacities of both are wasted.

It is the opinion of many that men of genius *will* make themselves known, and find their true position just as water will find its level; that if a man is born with great abilities, the world will surely find it out. But this is a kind of predestination that looks no more reasonable in literary things than in religious. It might be true in a degree if great intellects were always blessed with that energy of character and force of will so necessary to keep the mind in action, and thus draw forth its resources. Instead of this, such minds are very apt to be averse to the drudgery of daily mental toil. Now and then their genius flashes out sufficiently to reveal itself to those who immediately surround them, but unfavorable circumstances soon cause them to hide their light in obscurity. Sometimes fortune freakishly smiles them into notice; but this happens very seldom. Oftener stern necessity drives them to distinction. If neither of them, nor any *circumstance* leads them forth to the gaze of the world, they are apt to keep their places among earth's silent and unknown ones. Those who have risen from poverty and obscurity to eminence in the world's history, form a mighty army; but had not circumstances forced them to distinction, they would doubtless have remained unknown. There is as much truth as poetry in the lines of the oft-quoted poet Gray:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Without the precarious aid of circumstances, an earnest spirit of labor will confer greater benefits on its possessor than even the gifts of genius. Fortunate are they who have both united.

But a person may cultivate his mind to a high degree, and also in that direction that is peculiarly suited to him, and yet be under the condemnation of wasting what is committed to him. He may shut up his mind, with all its treasures, from intercourse with the world, and thus selfishly turn himself into an intellectual hermit. Such, living in the world and enjoying all the gifts of heaven, confer no blessings on others. The beautiful command of the Bible is, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and no precept of the Scriptures is more reasonable or better calculated

for a rule of life. The planets would have forever rolled on in darkness, strangers to the earth and to each other, had they absorbed the light they receive. But throwing back the friendly rays that disperse their own gloom, they help to light other worlds and beautify the dark vault of night.

Men may give the productions of their cultivated minds to the world, and yet, like a once popular poet, so interweave them with the corruptions of an evil heart, that they shall be only productive of evil. Precious gifts have we received of our Father, and shall we return them to the world deformed and polluted? We breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven only to poison it, and shall it be thus with all the blessings of our Creator? A mind can not be so developed and polished, that an evil heart can not ruin its fair proportions. Every capacity that we possess, and every one that it is possible for us to gain, should be used as capital by which to benefit our fellow-men. Though at first it be small, it will, if properly used, rapidly increase its proportions, till its ultimate results shall only be measured by infinity.

A BOAT VOYAGE ON LAKE PEPIN.

BY PROF. E. E. EDWARDS.

THE Mississippi is not properly a river, but a collection of rivers. Perhaps the term *compound* would best apply to it, sown thick as it is with islands, which, hyphen-like, connect its multitudinous channels. In the summer and autumn these islands are beautiful beyond description. The rankest verdure grows to the margin, and the trees bend low and gracefully over the water. The upward-bound traveler is fascinated as though looking upon a scene from fairy-land. Sometimes he sees a painted and feathered Indian, in his light canoe, gliding silently in the shadow of the shore. Not far off in a cozy nook rises a conical tepee or tent, around which the savage may see "his young barbarians all at play," and his dusky spouse making "magic moccasins of deer-skin." As the steamer passes, the Indian, placing his hand to his mouth, gives a prolonged yell so like the sound of the steam-whistle, that the untutored ear is readily deceived. While the traveler is yet musing upon this primitive scene, the steamer turns a bend in the many rivers and a full-spined city is in sight. Six years ago there were a few Indian tepees on the shore, now there are large three and four-storied houses, and a population of from two to four thousand. The boat nears the landing. The streets of the new city seem thronged. Amid the throng of

eager traders and speculators move in silent dignity the blanketed forms of the original owners of the soil. "Big Thunder" and "Hole-in-the-day" seem indifferent to the wonderful improvements around them, and as much at their ease as they would be among their own smoke-browned tents. The graves of their people are under "Broadway" or "State-street," and they themselves are degraded, even to being made an object of sport to the town boys, but they preserve their demeanor of haughty indifference. Here may be found a realization of Whittier's fine lines:

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

The traveler has but little time to moralize. The bell rings, and again he is moving through the mazy labyrinth of islands. After miles and miles of solitary travel, a gentleman observes that the north-west must be a famous fruit-growing country. And why? The traveler has mistaken the groves of dwarfed oaks that dot the hill-sides, wherever the slope is gentle enough to allow them to grow, for apple-orchards. Never, in this latitude, will the otherwise favored farmer walk in spring beneath a rain of peach or apple-blossoms, or garner the luscious fruit in autumn. Still this is a mooted point, and there are some who in the middle of April shovel the snow from their door-steps, that believe in future orchards.

As evening approaches the character of the scene changes. The brown waters turn to gold and crimson in the light of the setting sun. The crests of the precipices on either side of the river seem touched with fire, or, rather, to be glowing with red heat. As the sun sinks the beauty is lifted. It lingers a moment lovingly on the summits of the cliffs, and leaves the world in shadow. All night long, sleeping or waking, the traveler is passing through the same maze of islands. With the morning's light he looks upon them again till his eyes are wearied with their beauty. He is wearied too in tracing the fantastic forms of cliff and precipice. Here are more old ruined castles than ever guarded the Rhine. There are arches, and towers, and battlements in endless variety—all the handiwork of nature. Every variety of tint, from moss and clambering vines, is displayed upon their surface; but the eye wearies at last, and it would be a relief to look upon some broad prairie, or level woodland, or placid lake.

There is a place where the islands are weeded from the channel for the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, and where the river rolls in an unbroken current, washing the base of the bluffs

on either side. The average distance apart of these bluffs is about four miles. This is Lake Pepin. Here we will bid adieu to the traveler who will go farther. He will look upon the Falls of St. Anthony, and upon Minnehaha, and perhaps take a tour through the vast wilderness that spreads away so invitingly to the north-west, with its leagues of woodland and prairie, its countless lakes, and, to him more agreeable feature, abundance of game.

We also bid adieu to the steamer without reluctance, and embark at the upper end of the lake, three souls of us, in a "bonny boat" that carries a single sail and gay red streamer.

"The Flying Cloud" behaves nobly under the guidance of H., who has seen service on at least two oceans. We are merrily speeding for the Wisconsin shore. While we sail we have ample leisure for discourse, and with the music of the waters in our ears, and the blue depths beneath us, we talk of such things as the scene suggests. H. enters into a disquisition on the difference of color between the Atlantic and Pacific. W. is lost in the mazes of physical geography and geology, and I think involuntarily of old Father Hennepin, who visited "these parts" nearly two hundred years ago. What marvelous stories he told! We look upon the same scenes that greeted his wondering eyes.

These rocky ramparts were gray and ruined then as now. That fearful precipice, on the right, is the same, and it is the same quiet valley at its base. Yet there is a change. There is a blur on the waves and the horizon far away to the southward. It grows into a definite shape. It seems to form itself from the blue mists of the distance. It is the "fire canoe" of the white man. It comes so near that we can hail the passengers, who scarcely seem to notice the boat that dances over the new waves with a feather-like motion. We feel small and humble, and are glad when the huge fabric of painted pine, canvas, and iron, is out of sight. Now for some rare sport. See, the waves are whitening, the breeze freshens, the sail fills, the Flying Cloud bounds over the waves, and with every bound a shower of spray breaks over the bow. This is, indeed, enjoyment. "Hat overboard!" There it is; H.'s panama whirling on the vortex of a wave some yards behind. After a tedious process of tacking the hat is recovered, but by this time the breeze has died away till the sail flaps listlessly against the mast. "Misfortunes come not singly." Professor W. has lost the fishing-tackle overboard, and it is fast finding its way to the bottom of the lake, and vain are all regrets. The treasure would not be more certainly lost in the midst of the Atlantic. For a greater part of the day we

coast along under the shadow of the Wisconsin hills, sometimes landing for a walk on the beach. At sunset we reach the mouth of a creek, and follow its winding channel for nearly a mile, where we find an excellent camping ground. Surely there never was a lovelier valley. It might have been the place where

"Dwelt the singer Nawadaha
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses."

Here we partake of camp fare, and lie down to rest with a coverlet of stars above us. Alas for the romance! All night long the musketoes give us battle, and drive-sleep from our eyelids. At early morn they are fortunately put to flight by a thunder-storm that comes crashing over the rocky battlements above, and is followed by a copious shower of rain.

Our voyage is continued. On the left we pass a lovely gorge, or coolie, where is hidden Maiden Rock village. If it ever becomes a city it must overtop the bluffs, or be built out in the lake. In a small bay are moored half a dozen sail-boats; and an odd-looking boy, with a clumsy boat and a coffee-sack for a sail, banters us for a race.

More and more precipitous grow the hills on the left, till at last they assume the appearance of a wall of many-tinted rocks crowned with dwarfed foliage and festooned with vines. Plumes of dull and dusky green nod languidly in the breeze, and the oaken groves below seem to invite us to come and rest in their cool recesses.

We are now in the shadow of the far-famed Maiden Rock. Here, as all the world knows, is the place where Winona, "the eldest daughter," threw her young life away for love. From that uncrowned rock, four hundred feet above us, and perpendicular for at least one-third of the distance, she chanted her death-song and took her fearful leap, and where she fell they buried her. It was the old story of baffled love, despair and death, and why should it be doubted? I have gathered "in memoriam" a small bouquet of wild flowers from the crevices of the rock on which she stood; but the poetry of the scene is almost ruined by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the vicinity. Quite a number of domestic animals are grazing among the debris below, and not far off we suspect the existence of a farm-house.

This place is not without sad associations of a modern date. Not long since a group of seven persons, two young gentlemen and five young ladies, visited the Rock on a pleasure excursion. The day was spent merrily; but as they were returning to Lake City, on the opposite side of the Lake, when but a few rods from shore their boat

capsized, and four of the young ladies found a watery grave.

To the few stricken ones Maiden Rock has become the saddest of places, while to all it retains its melancholy interest—standing, as it does, like a monument over the grave of an Indian girl, and marking the spot where loved ones of our own race came to an untimely death.

Lake Pepin has enough sad legends already. It is a wrathful, stormy lake, notwithstanding its present placid appearance. Two or three steamboats have been lost in its depths. From North Pepin, on a stormy evening, two men went out in the Lake in a sail-boat and were never seen more. Their boat was found capsized a few days afterward. But why go on with such reminiscences? There are times when Pepin is calm as a summer evening, smooth as a mirror, clear as the sky; when the towers, and walls, and thrones of rock seem, from the perfect reflection, to be suspended in the liquid blue of the heaven; and rather let us think of Pepin in its lovelier moods.

Here we have been where the very shadows are mysterious, and the very air is romance, for nearly half a day fighting musketoes. We are quite wearied. H. is sick. W.'s scientific zeal has become quiescent. The remaining voyager is tired of dining on fish and crackers, and all agree to return. The winds are adverse. We are several hours rowing round the famous "Point-no-point." Night overtakes us in a desert place; we sleep soundly and safely on a sand-bank, and in the afternoon of the next day the keel of the Flying Cloud grates on the pebbles of the Red Wing landing. Our voyage is ended.

A L O N E.

BY M. B. STEWART.

FATHER, I faint—life's sky is dark,
No sign of coming morn.
Joy's bells ring out for me no chime,
Despair of Grief is born.
From skies o'ercast by stormy clouds
No bow of promise bends,
And with youth's joyous melody
A jarring discord blends.
My path is dark, and wild, and rough,
Uncheered by Hope's glad song.
I see no flowers—no sunny spot—
My Father—O! how long?
I am alone—my spirit turns
For sympathy to thee;
No more I meet the smile that made
Life beautiful to me.
Send down thy white-winged dove, sweet Peace,
Hear thou my heart's deep moan
For strength to labor and to wait,
Walking through life alone.

PRESCOTT.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

THE recent decease of William Hickling Prescott has served to call forth many expressions from friends and acquaintances which throw much new light upon his life, character, and labors. Eminent as a historian, beloved as a man, admirable as a Christian, devoted as a friend to his kind, it is not surprising that endearing terms are used by friends, nor that an intense interest is felt concerning him by the public. We have before us the tributes to his memory paid by Bancroft, Sparks, Ticknor, Everett, Winthrop, Rev. Mr. Milburn, and others, while from our library shelf look down the fifteen volumes of his works, which his countrymen regard with so much pride: we can not suffer the occasion to pass without recurring to these records and gathering from them what shall suffice for, at least, a "pleasant memory."

Mr. Prescott was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796, of an ancestry honored for its patriotism, intelligence, and virtue. His grandfather commanded at Bunker's Hill, and the ancestral record goes back with dignity into earlier colonial times. William Hickling Prescott, in his life and labors, gives a negative to the oft-repeated assertion of the non-perpetuity of virtues in families.* He is but one of a long line of worthies. His father, an eminent lawyer and judge, removed to Boston in 1808, where the son received the education which formed the basis for his later accomplishments as a scholar and author. Harvard College was his Alma Mater. It was near the close of his college career that the accident occurred which was the bereavement of his life. A fellow-student threw a crust of bread across the table; it struck the eye of young William, and ever after it was lost to sight. The other eye, from over-exertion as well as from sympathy, soon became almost equally useless. Thus, in darkness, commenced the career which may well be termed a brilliant one, and up through darkness did the way of his life lead him. Only at times could the "well eye" be used, and then only for a few hours of each day.

Visiting Europe for the benefit of medical advice, he spent two years in England, in France, and Italy—returning in 1816, improved in bodily health, but, alas! with his eyesight permanently impaired. This affliction, while it retarded his studies, served to throw his mind back upon itself;

* So it may be said of the Adams family, of the Jays, Livingstons, Hamiltons, and of other families of Revolutionary partisans—whose descendants are worthy of their fathers.

and during his days of darkness were forming those habits of thought which, eventually, resulted in the production of those elaborate works that are an ever-living monument to his erudition, research, sagacity, and impartiality. Through the aid of a reader he commenced a course of reading, whose first-fruits we have in the series of articles contributed to the North American Review, now collected in the "Miscellanies" volume of his works. A simple statement of their titles will show the nature of the young man's studies, and the tendency of his tastes. We have "Italian Narrative Poetry," "Scottish Song," "Molière," "Irving's Conquest of Granada," "Poetry and Romance of the Italians," "Cervantes," etc. During these preparatory researches into language and literature, Mr. Prescott became impressed with the propriety of a new History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. After mature deliberation he determined to enter upon the labor. Agents were set at work in Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, Mexico—wherever an authority could be found—and in a comparatively brief period of time he found himself in possession of very valuable, though somewhat obscure data. He thus refers to this moment of his life:

"It was during one of these periods [of total blindness] that I received from Madrid the materials for my 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages, that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition."

This, we may here remark, was the course pursued by him in the composition of all his other works, and to such reading, revision, comparison, examination, composition, and copying out for the press are to be attributed the wonderful thoroughness and unity of the writer's beautiful narratives.

The "Ferdinand and Isabella" was given to the public in 1838. It is a circumstance worthy of mention to show how short-sighted publishers frequently are, that it was some time before a publisher could be found to bring out the work! And to show how little confidence Mr. Prescott had in his own labors, we may quote from some reminiscences by Jared Sparks:

"It is known that Mr. Prescott's eyesight was then so feeble that it was difficult for him to read; and for

the purpose of carefully preparing the composition of his work, he had it printed in large type, in quarto form, so that he could read it and correct it for the press instead of revising it in manuscript. After it was finished he sent me his two volumes, printed as I have described, and requested me to read them. I did so, of course, with very great pleasure and profit, and with no little surprise at the success of the writer, under his infirmity of sight, in accomplishing the work in so thorough and finished a manner. I returned the volumes, and soon after saw Mr. Prescott. He asked me, with a good deal of diffidence, what I thought of the book. I told him there could be but one opinion about it; that I had read it with great delight. . . . His own opinion was, in short, that it would not succeed. Of course I used what arguments I could, and told him that no impression of that sort could be entertained by any mind but his own. I left him, however, in that state of uncertainty."

The success of the "Ferdinand and Isabella" was instantaneous and great. It opened a new field for the American reader. Its charm of narrative, keen dissection of character, unity of interest, beauty of imagery, gave to it much of the power of romance. It soon found its way into a foreign circulation, having been translated into Spanish, German, etc. The author soon found himself favored of fame—his reputation was made.

Such success, however, only reassured the modest and half-confident writer. He now resolved to push his labors in the same field of romantic reality, and entered upon his "Conquest of Mexico" with great ardor. It was given to the public in 1843. It added to the author's fame, and honors flowed in upon him from all sections of the civilized world. The "Conquest of Peru" appeared in 1847. He then entered upon his crowning labor, "History of the Reign of Philip II." Preparatory to its issue, and as a connecting link between it and the "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," Mr. Prescott gave an edition of Robertson's "History of the Reign of Charles V" to the public, in 1856. The most earnest solicitation was made of him to write up a new work on the reign of Charles, but Mr. Prescott preferred to leave the field to Robertson, to whose work he added, however, notes and a supplementary account of the emperor's life after his abdication, which serve to modernize the Scotsman's work, and to render it of renewed value.

In regard to this last work of Prescott every thing is of interest which appertains to it. Though but three of five volumes have been completed, they serve to show how well qualified the author was for so important a labor, and confirm the position claimed for him as one of the greatest of modern historical writers. A late secretary of the author gives us these notes of the composition of the "Philip:" "I read to him Robertson's

'Charles V,' Watson's 'Philip II,' that portion of Ranke's 'Ottoman and Spanish Empire' which relates to Spain, and a recent Spanish history of Philip, the title of which has escaped me. After I had read a page or two, if it contained any thing noteworthy, an event, a date, or an apposite reflection, he would stop me and dictate a note, which I wrote hastily in pencil, to be fairly copied subsequently. In this way he made a brief synopsis of Watson, comprising chronologically the incidents of Philip's life, the dates of his birth, death, marriages, accessions, wars, battles, treaties, etc. This synopsis I wrote out carefully, in a large, plain hand, so that he could read it himself, and he kept it by him to refer to, so as to familiarize himself with the leading points of his subject. *He committed it to memory*, and would sometimes repeat it to me to test the accuracy of his recollection. As I read he would frequently stop me to discuss the bearing of events, or the character of the personages of the history. He liked to have me express my opinions with the utmost freedom; and, as they sometimes differed from his own, our discussions would grow animated, and be protracted till they had consumed all the hours of study for the day. He did not object to this, for he said that talking over the subject stimulated his mind and heightened his interest in his theme." And again: "On our return—to Boston, from the summer residence at Nahant and the fall residence at the old family estate of Pepperell—he directed me to collect out of his library all the books and manuscripts relating to Philip II and arrange them in the study, and examine them one by one. It was a collection unrivaled in the world. He had spared no expense to hunt up and purchase, in Europe and in Spanish America, every work in any degree relating to the reign of Philip, that he or his learned and well-paid agents in Spain, France, England, Holland, and Belgium could discover. These agents had standing orders to buy every book they could hear of in any way relating to Philip, no matter what it cost. Large sums were sometimes paid for little volumes, of which the original price could not have been more than half a dollar, but which had grown valuable by becoming rare. The archives of Spain, the old libraries of France, Flanders, Germany, and Italy had been carefully ransacked for MSS., of which the copies taken at his expense filled seventeen large folio volumes, and cost thousands of dollars.

"The volumes being arranged in chronological order, I examined them carefully and noted their contents, reading such portions to Mr. Prescott as he cared to hear. Many were discarded as translations, of which he had the originals. Of

those retained as authorities I succinctly analyzed the contents."

Edward Everett, referring to his coöperation with Mr. Prescott to procure authorities for the history, gives us these interesting statements:

"No difficulty attended a thorough exploration of the rich material of the Royal Library [Paris;] but the papers from Simancas were guarded with greater care than the 'archives of the kingdom.' The whole of the celebrated national collection had been transported to Paris in the time of Napoleon. . . . The name of Mr. Prescott was a key, which unlocked the depository. . . . The same result followed a similar application at Florence, the following year. Not only were the private collections of the Marquis Gino Capponi, and the Count Guicciardini—the lineal descendant of the historian—thrown open to the use of Mr. Prescott, but, after tedious hesitations and delays on the part of the subordinate officials, a peremptory order was at length issued by Prince Corsini, with the consent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that I should be allowed to explore the Medicean archives, and mark for transcription whatever I thought would be useful for Mr. Prescott."

It was by such agents, and through such expenditure of means, that Mr. Prescott obtained his authorities. Few modern books have had so vast an amount of care, money, and brains lavished upon them as Mr. Prescott bestowed upon his works.

Without referring particularly to his several works, we may give the expressions of some of our most eminent men, regarding Mr. Prescott's genius and position in the world of letters. They will also serve as landmarks by which to measure the relative position of our historian and those of Europe. Mr. Everett said of him:

"Calling one day on the venerable Mr. Thomas Grenville, whom I found in his library reading Xenophon's 'Anabasis' in the original, I made some passing remark on the beauty of that work. 'Here,' said he, holding up a volume of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' 'is one far superior.' With the exception of Mr. Irving, no American writer appeared to me so widely known or so highly esteemed in England as Mr. Prescott; and when he visited that country a few years later, the honors paid to him by all cultivated classes of society, from the throne downward, were such as are seldom offered to the most distinguished visitant." And again: "Among the masters of historical writing—the few great names of ancient and modern renown in this department, our lamented friend and associate has passed to a place among the most honored and distinguished."

Bancroft said: "Systematic in his mode of life, he proceeded onward and still onward, till the eyes of the world were turned with admiration on the genial scholar who, with placid calmness, courageously trampled appalling difficulties under foot and gained the *first* place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind."

Jared Sparks said: "I can say with entire confidence, after my own historical studies, such as they have been, that I know of no historian, in any age or language, whose researches into the materials with which he was to work have been so extensive, thorough, and profound as those of Mr. Prescott."

Mr. George Ticknor said, in resolutions offered to the Massachusetts Historical Society: "By the force of genius, of courage, and of a cheerful patience, he achieved for himself, *with the full assent of Christendom*, an honored place in the company of the great masters of history in all countries and in all ages."

Professor C. C. Felton said: "In the transparent simplicity and undimmed beauty and candor of his style we read the endearing qualities of his soul; so that his personal friends are found wherever literature is known, and the love for him is coextensive with the world of letters—not limited to those who speak our Anglo-Saxon mother language, to the literature of which he has contributed such splendid works, but coextensive with the civilized languages of the human race."

Rev. N. L. Frothingham said: "The man was more than his books. His character was loftier than all his reputation. So simple-minded and so great-minded; so keen in his perceptions, but so kind in his judgments; so resolute, but so unpretending; so considerate of every one and so tasking of himself; so full of the truest and warmest affections; so merry in his temper, without overleaping a single due bound. . . . In the year 1841 he became a worshiper at the First Church—Boston—where a holier bond was formed, and where its minister might learn, from an example more shining than his own lessons, the beauty of a reverent, thoughtful, dutiful Christian mind."

If space permitted we should give many anecdotes and incidents illustrative of Prescott's humanity, purity of heart, honesty of purpose, love of friends, devotion to family; for the acknowledged presence of these traits will go far in confirming the honesty and nobility of his literary labors. We think it may be said truthfully, that he was one of the most eminent minds which this country has yet produced. His works are household treasures, and must remain such so long as our people have regard for the beautiful in nar-

rative, the pure in sentiment, the noble in purpose, the wise in historic lore, and the truly great in historic conception.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

BY A. H. DENNETT.

IF you stood on the green banks of a quiet-flowing river, and a friend in whom you had confidence should draw nigh and say, "Beneath those waters lie diamonds, and other precious gems; they are yours if you will but seek them, and there is neither danger nor difficulty in the undertaking"—think you it would be many moments ere your feet would be laved by the rippling waters, and your whole heart intent upon the search for those glittering gems of earth?

Lo, these many years One infinitely higher than any earthly friend—one whose word can never fail, has said to you again and yet again, "Within the crystal waters of the River of Life gleams the 'pearl of great price;' there, too, are the rare jewels, faith, hope, and love, bought for thee by the precious blood of Christ; seek, and ye shall find!"

Reader, hast thou given heed to these oft-spoken words? With trusting heart hast thou sought the promised gems, purer than diamonds, richer than glowing rubies, shedding a softer light than falls from a carcanet of emeralds?

Remember, they will give joy and peace to thy life on earth, and heaven will shine with renewed luster in the crown of thy rejoicing; while there is yet time, remember that the promise is sure—seek, and ye shall find!

EFFICACY OF EXAMPLE.

Is it wayward harshness or sullenness of temper that is the prominent defect in one who is dear to you? Who knows not that words of reproof, however gently administered, would often but add fuel to the fire of such a spirit? But there is another and more excellent way of admonition, which will seldom, if ever, fail. Rebuke by love, remonstrate by gentleness, preach self-restraint by living it. Exhibit the softening power of Christ's grace—not by talking about it, but by acting in habitual subjection to it; by your sweet, gentle, Christ-like temper and bearing, by your return of kindness for harshness, by your calm forbearance and unruffled serenity amid sore provocations and wrongs; and oftentimes you will find that the spirit whose false pride direct remonstrance would only serve to rouse, will own unconsciously the all-subduing power of love.

ODE TO THE PAST.

BY WM. S. HORTON, WITNEY, ENGLAND.

O THOU irrevocable Past,
 With thee oblivion reigns;
 Massive barriers, sure and fast,
 Surround thy drear domains;
 Frowning in conscious strength between
 What still exists and what hath been!

O stern and unrelenting Past,
 Whate'er thy realms inthrall,
 No power of earth, however vast,
 Can back to life recall;
 For tears and prayers alike are vain
 To ope thy gates once closed again!

Within thy kingdom, deep and lone,
 Long-buried empires lie;
 And nations that once proudly shone
 In ages long gone by,
 Now lie amid eternal gloom;
 With thee they molder in the tomb.

And they, whose deeds inspired awe,
 And filled with dread the soul;
 Whose giant wills to men were law,
 Have pass'd 'neath thy control;
 Who honors none, but binds in chain
 All captives in thy dark domains.

Dimmed beneath thy somber clouds
 Is the splendor of Renown;
 And deep Forgetfulness enshrouds
 The wearer of the crown:
 With thee both sword and scepter rust,
 And lie dishonored in the dust.

Hushed is the warrior's stormy voice,
 And quenched his eyes' proud fire;
 And tuneless is the song of praise
 That swell'd from poet's lyre:
 Silent are all the sounds of earth,
 Whether of sadness or of mirth.

And Hopes are dead, remorseless Past,
 That once grew strong and fair;
 Leafless as trees 'neath Winter's blast
 Lone hearts are stripp'd and bare;
 For O thy circling gulf of tears
 It widens with the flow of years!

At times these prisoners of the Past,
 Beneath their shadowy pall,
 Rise from thy caverns, dark and vast,
 Pale specters, grim and tall;
 And on the restless spirit glare
 With all the fury of Despair!

And memories of the past arise,
 And haunt the guilty heart,
 And as the worm that never dies
 Will never thence depart,
 But ever with insatiate fangs
 Torment it with eternal pangs.

As through thy portals thus I view
 Thy vast and boundless realms,
 Emotion rising strange and new,
 My sinking heart o'erwhelms;
 But who shall bound thy shoreless sea,
 Which rag'd ere Time began to be?

And now I stand on thy ocean beach,
 And can descry no shore,
 Far as the utmost thought can reach
 Or vision can explore;
 An Eternity had pass'd ere Time
 Had e'er begun his march sublime!

We now, the creatures of a day,
 On billowy Time are toss'd;
 But borne upon its waves away,
 Shall in thy depths be lost;
 And with our baseless hopes at last
 Be numbered with the mighty past!

MUSINGS AT TWILIGHT.

BY LIZZIE WARE.

TELL me, thou bright and shining star,
 What is thy mission from afar?
 Why shinest thou so sweetly on,
 Till night shades deepen and are gone?

Dost thou in yonder realms of light
 Thy vigil keep o'er silent night?
 Or hast thou still some brighter spell,
 'Round which charmed Fancy fain would dwell?

Methinks upon each struggling beam
 Some gentle charm was traced unseen,
 Which, o'er the gathering gloom of night,
 Threw halos of celestial light—

A charm that draws with unknown power
 Some wearied mind at twilight hour,
 To mark, in thy fair course on high,
 Man's own eternal destiny.

Like as some sailor, tempest-tossed,
 When Faith seems gone and Hope nigh lost,
 Hails through the gloom that hovers o'er
 The light-house on the distant shore,

So e'en some traveler on life's sea
 Looks up at once to Heaven and thee,
 And hails thee through the bursting storm,
 His beacon herald of the morn.

Then from thine azure throne above
 Shine on, bright messenger of love!
 And when dark shadows veil life's ev'n,
 Be thou a guiding star to heav'n!

THOU ART A CHILD OF SORROW.

BY M. E. GRIGSBY.

IN every change of time and place,
 In every line that thought may trace
 Of past, to-day, to-morrow,
 In thoughts of childhood, youth, or age,
 Read thou throughout thy pilgrimage,
 Thou art a child of sorrow.

The bliss that sometimes fills thy cup,
 Or from thy own heart bubbles up,
 Is but to lend or borrow;
 Not long thou claim'st the precious joy,
 Soon dost thou find the base alloy,
 Thou art a child of sorrow.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE LORD OUR SHIELD.—"And the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went." 2 Samuel viii, 6.

Samuel Procter, a class-leader in the Methodist society, was formerly a grenadier in the first regiment of foot guards, and took part in the struggle on the plains of Waterloo. He always carried a small Bible in one pocket, and a hymn-book in the other. In the evening of June 16th his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a wood, of which they had taken possession, and from which they annoyed the allied army. While thus engaged he was thrown a distance of four or five yards, by a force on his thigh, for which he could not account at the time; but when he came to examine his Bible, he saw, with lively gratitude to the Preserver of his life, what it was that had thus driven him. A musket-ball had struck him where his Bible rested, and penetrated nearly half through the volume. All who saw the ball said that it would undoubtedly have killed him, had it not been for the Bible, which served as a shield. The Bible is kept as a sacred deposit, and laid up in his house, like the sword of Goliath in the tabernacle.

PUBLIC COURTESIES.—"Thus sayeth the king of Assyria, Make an agreement with me by a present." 2 Kings xviii, 31.

Among eastern nations it has always been usual to bring presents when people visit one another; they never appear before a prince or great man, without having something to offer. Modern travelers tell us that, even when poor people visit, they bring a flower, or fruit, or some such trifle. One person mentions a present of fifty radishes; and when Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler, had agreed, at the request of a chief, to take a poor sick Arab with him for a great distance, the poor man presented him with a dirty cloth containing about ten dates. Mr. Bruce remarks that he mentions this to show how important and necessary presents are considered in the east; whether they be dates or diamonds, a man thinks it necessary to offer something. These presents are essential to intercourse between superiors and inferiors throughout the east. They are considered not in the light of bribes, but as tokens of acknowledgment of superiority and dependence. The pepper-corn, the rose, and the like, required by a landlord of his tenants on court-days in Europe, seem fragments of the same usage. A Cingalese having to solicit a favor of a superior, when away from home, says, I must go to my village and procure the presents. The rejection of them by a European is considered disrespectful.

VOL. XIX.—23

SELF-GLORIFICATION.—"All the king's servants that were in the king's gate, bowed, and revered Haman." Esther iii, 2.

An English country clergyman was boasting in a large company of his success in reforming his parishioners, on whom his labors, he said, had produced a wonderful change for the better. Being asked in what respect, he replied, that when he came first among them they were a set of unmannerly clowns, who paid him no more deference than they did to one another; did not so much as pull off their hat when they spoke to him, but bawled out as roughly and familiarly as though he were their equal; whereas now they never presumed to address him but cap in hand, and in a submissive voice made him their best bow when they were at ten yards distance, and styled him your reverence at every word. A Quaker, who had heard the whole patiently, made answer, "And so, friend, the upshot of this reformation, of which thou hast so much carnal glory, is, that thou hast taught thy people to worship thyself."

VENTURESOME BELIEVING.—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Job xlii, 13.

The late Rev. John Butterworth, a minister of England, speaking of his religious experiences, says, "One day as I was reading in a book called the 'Marrow of Modern Divinity,' a sentence from Luther was quoted, which was this, 'I would run into the arms of Christ, if he stood with a drawn sword in his hand.' This thought came bolting into my mind—'so will I too'—and those words of Job occurred—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' My burden rolled off; my soul was filled with joy and peace through believing in Christ; a venturesome believing, as Mr. Belcher calls it, was the means of setting me at liberty; nor have I ever been in such perplexity, respecting my interest in Christ, since that time; though I have had various trials in other respects."

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.—"I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years." Isaiah xxxviii, 5.

In the autumn of 1799 the late Rev. T. Charles, of Bala, met with an afflicting dispensation. While traveling over Mount Migneint, in Carnarvonshire, on a freezing night, one of his thumbs became frost-bitten. It was so severely affected that he was taken very ill, and his life was in danger. To prevent mortification, it was deemed necessary to have it amputated. This affliction was very trying, both to his family and to his people. When he was considered to be

in a dangerous state, a special prayer meeting was called by the members of the chapel at Bala. Fervent supplications were offered up in his behalf. Several prayed on the occasion; and one person in particular was much noticed at the time, for the very urgent and importunate manner with which he prayed. Alluding to the fifteen years added to Hezekiah's life, he, with unusual fervency, entreated the Almighty to spare Mr. Charles's life at least fifteen years. He several times repeated the following words with such melting importunity as greatly affected all present: "Fifteen years more, O Lord; we beseech thee to add fifteen years more to the life of thy servant. And wilt thou not, O our God, give fifteen years more for the sake of thy Church and thy cause?" Mr. Charles heard of this prayer, and it made a deep impression on his mind. He afterward frequently mentioned it as a reason why he should make the best use of his time, saying, that his fifteen years would soon be completed. The last time that he visited South Wales, and was asked when he should come again, his answer was, at least to some, that his fifteen years were nearly up, and that he should probably never visit them again. He mentioned this to several of his friends the last year of his life, and especially to his wife. It is remarkable, his death occurred just at the termination of the fifteen years. What is not less remarkable, it was during this time that he performed the most important acts of his life. It was during this time that he wrote the most valuable of his works; established Sabbath schools; was one means of originating the Bible Society; and was instrumental in doing great good both to Scotland and Ireland.

WORK ENJOINED UPON ALL MEN.—"This we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." 2 Thess. iii, 10.

When Peisistratus, Tyrant of Athens, and the wisest of Grecian statesmen, was one day walking through some of his fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want beasts to plow your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want land, I will give you some; if you want seed to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in idleness." By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar in his dominions.

LABOR AND REST.—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Rom. xii, 11.

Mr. Cruden, during the last year of his life, lived in terms of the strictest intimacy with the Rev. David Wilson, minister of the Presbyterian congregation, Bow Lane, London. The two friends were in the habit of paying frequent visits to Mr. Gordon, a pious nurseryman in the neighborhood of the metropolis. One evening Mr. Gordon informed Mr. Wilson that a young Scotch gardener in his employment, who usually attended divine service at Bow Lane, sometimes absented himself at public worship without a sufficient cause, and was besides rather indolent, desiring the minister to admonish him. The young man was accordingly called into the parlor, and Mr. Wilson concluded a solemn address with these words: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." "Have you done, sir?" said Mr. Cruden. "Yes," replied

Mr. Wilson. "Then," rejoined Mr. Cruden, "you have forgotten one-half of the commandment: Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, etc.; for if a man does not labor six days of the week, he is not likely to rest properly on the seventh."

SONGS OF JOY.—"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein." Isaiah xlii, 10.

A young sailor observed to a gentleman that he should never forget the thrill of joy that he felt during his last voyage. One night, or rather early in the morning, a fine starlight morning, as they were running down the trades, with the sea smooth as oil, more than two thousand miles from land, and at that time, as he thought, equally far from any vessel upon the vast Atlantic, he started from his monotonous pacing fore and aft upon the deck, by a sound like a burst of voices; he at first conceived it to be the dying echoes of a fired cannon, probably some vessel in distress. Again he heard it in loud and distinct sounds, and found, at length, it was the harmony of voices, singing, as he judged from the tune, one of the hymns used at the Bethel prayer meetings. The voices evidently were at a great distance, but, borne over the wide space of the water, reached in soft and pleasing music, and caused him to feel a joyful recollection of the song heard by the shepherds while watching their flocks by night in the fields of Bethlehem. When the morning opened upon them, an English ship was observed to the westward. "Sir," said he, "I can give you no idea of my gladness in anticipating that the day was coming, and now opened upon us like the morning, when every ship should be navigated by men fearing God, and working righteousness."

CURSING AN ENEMY.—"And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man that we may fight together." 1 Sam. xvii, 10.

The Cingalese frequently utter imprecations in the name of the most malignant of their deities.

THE VINE.—A friend complained to Gotthold of the weakness of his faith, and the distress this gave him. Gotthold pointed to a vine which had twined and fastened itself around a pole, and was hanging loaded with beautiful clusters, and said: Frail is that plant; but what harm is done to it by its frailty, especially as the Creator has been pleased to make it what it is? As little will it prejudice your faith, that it is weak, provided only it be sincere and unfeigned. Faith is the work of God, and he bestows it in such measures as he wills and judges right. Let the measure of it which he has given you be deemed sufficient by you. Take for pole and prop the cross of the Savior, and the word of God. Twine around these with all the power which God vouchsafes. A heart sensible of its weakness, and prostrating itself continually with humble sighs at the feet of the Divine mercy, is more acceptable than that which presumes upon the strength of its faith, and falls into security and pride. Can you suppose that the sinful woman who lay and wept at the Lord's feet, was less approved than the swelling and haughty Pharisee? Luke vii, 38.

Notes and Queries.

"THE SUN NORTH OF AN EAST AND WEST LINE."—In the Repository of May, 1859, D. assails my statements, and of course my theory; tacitly admitting the theory, provided lines parallel to the equator are regarded, and are east and west lines. He also gave a theory, known to be true by any one having a knowledge of astronomy. Hence, supposing, very correctly I think, that the original querist, L. N., was not thus acquainted with astronomy, I endeavored to account for the phenomenon in a manner suited to the mind making the inquiry.

"The east and the west are points where a line at right angles to the meridian of a place intersects the horizon. But to a person under the equinoctial line that line constitutes east and west."—Webster's Dictionary, under the word east.

Plain geometry teaches that *two lines intersecting a third line at right angles are parallel to each other.*

M'Nally's Geography, Lesson II, 12, says, "Parallels of latitude are small circles parallel to the equator;" 13. "Parallel lines or circles are those which extend in the same direction, continuing the same distance from each other. Lesson III, 6, says, "Longitude is the distance east or west from the first meridian;" 7. "Longitude is reckoned on the equator or on a parallel of latitude." Lesson V, 6, note, "East and west are in the direction of the parallels of latitude." 7. Parallels of latitude are represented by lines drawn east and west. A. J. M.

THE FALLING AND THE PROJECTED CANNON-BALL.—Answer to query in February number.—The principle that one body let fall, and another projected horizontally, the same instant from an elevation, will both reach a horizontal plane at the same time, is true only on the supposition that gravity acts upon the projected body always in parallel lines of direction, which, for small horizontal distances, may be supposed to be the case. This granted, the illustration of the cannon-ball must be true according to the following established principle in mechanics as stated by Whewell; namely, "When any force is exerted upon a body already in motion, the motion which the force would produce upon a body at rest is compounded with the previous motion in such a way that both produce their full effects parallel to their own directions." But in the case of the earth revolving around the sun, the force of attraction exerted by the latter, instead of acting upon the earth in the same absolute direction, as would be the case if the earth were to fall directly toward the sun, is constantly changing its line of direction as the earth proceeds in its orbit, and when one-fourth of the revolution is performed has changed its direction one-fourth of a circle, or 90°.

G. B. M.

"TO GIVE QUARTER."—This phrase, meaning to spare the life of a vanquished enemy, is said to have had its origin in a well-understood custom during the ages of chivalry, that a captive soldier or officer should be

held to ransom for one quarter of his yearly pay. This latter, of course, would be a sum varying in exact proportion to the dignity of the prisoner, and would be no very inaccurate standard by which to determine the amount proper to be paid for ransom. Hence, when a disarmed foe cried "*quarter*," he was understood to offer a quarter of his pay in consideration that his life should be spared; and for the victor "*to grant quarter*," was to accept the offered ransom.

ANSWER TO HISTORICAL ENIGMA IN MAY NUMBER, 1859.—A correspondent, W. S. C. W., from Mauch Chunk, Penn., sends us a solution of this problem, the substance of which we publish below:

Christina. She was the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and his successor on the throne of Sweden.

1. Cicero, assassinated B. C. 43.
2. Sir John Hawkins: he commenced the slave-trade, 1562. [Our correspondent says Hall, but this is certainly an error.]
3. Paul Rapin de Thoyras.
4. Ignatius.
5. Sir Cloudesly Shovel, wrecked off the Scilly Isles, Oct. 22, 1707.
6. Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, killed in battle July 26, 1675.
7. Iona, or Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides.
8. Nestor, son of Neleus and king of Pylos.
9. Guido d'Arezzo, about 1020. [Our correspondent says Alfieri; but the invention of musical notation is generally ascribed to Guido. Arezzo, though given as a part of his name, is properly only his birthplace. The author of the enigmas, we think, must have taken this word as a part of the inventor's name.]

THE TWO GENEALOGICAL TABLES.—A querist asks the following question:

Is our Savior the "son of David" through the line of Mary or of Joseph, or through both? If Mary sustained to Joseph, before their marriage, the relation of *kin*, is either the fact or degree known? The tables in Matthew and Luke seem to relate only to Joseph's lineage; if this is so, and Mary's lineage is unknown and not contended for, then Jesus is son of David only in a mystical sense. What is the truth?

[A solution to this question, which we insert, is given in the English Notes and Queries:

"No two passages of Scripture have caused more difficulty than the genealogies of the Messiah, as given by the Evangelists Matthew and Luke; and various attempts have been made to reconcile them. The late Dr. Kitto, in his valuable *Daily Bible Illustrations*, has offered an excellent explanation, of which we avail ourselves. 'The two genealogies are materially different. They coincide till David, when Matthew takes the reigning line; whereas Luke takes the younger and inferior line by David's son Nathan. They concur, indeed, in Salathiel and Zerobabel, at

the time of the captivity; but then diverge again, and even at the close the difference is maintained, for Matthew makes Joseph the son of Jacob; whereas Luke represents him as the son of Heli or Eli. He could not have been naturally the son of both these persons; and the essential differences in the two lines of descent allow no satisfactory solution in the idea that Jacob and Heli are different names for the same person. They are obviously two different genealogies from the common ancestor David. This being the case, there can be little doubt that the genealogy of Matthew is that of Joseph, and the one of Luke that of Mary; the former being the *legal*, and the latter the *real*, genealogy of Jesus. Indeed, Luke seems to have indicated his meaning as clearly as could be, consistently with the absence of a woman's name in a pedigree, by distinguishing the real from the legal genealogy, in a parenthetical remark: "Jesus being—as was reputed—the son of Joseph—but in *reality*—the son of Heli," or his grandson by the mother's side; for so the ellipsis should be supplied. The conclusion then is, that one of these genealogies is that of Joseph, and the other that of his wife Mary—both lines being preserved to show definitely that Jesus was, in the most full and perfect sense, a descendant of David; not only by law in the royal line of kings through his reputed father, but by direct personal descent through his mother."

Our correspondent is also referred to Strong's "Harmony and Exposition," for an elucidation of this problem.] J. P. L.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Answer to question in June number: "Who wrote 'Well of English undefiled,' and of whom does he say it?"

It was said by Edmund Spenser of Geoffrey Chaucer. Spenser was born in 1553, Chaucer in 1328; so that after an interval of 225 years, the later poet could properly enough regard the earlier one, not only as his master in the sacred art, but as almost the fountain-head for the English language itself. Verstegan pronounces the same judgment on the author of the Canterbury Tales. The poet Geoffrey Chaucer, who wrote his poesies in English, is of some called the first illuminator of the English tongue.

The words are found in the Faerie Queene, Book iv, Canto ii, Stanza 32. The poet, as an apology for reciting certain "antique stories," says he ventures to do it only in view of the fact that the worthier account by Chaucer has perished.

"These acts be nowhere to be found,
As that renowned poet them complayd
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthy to be fylde."

Dan, from the Latin *Dominus*, is the same as the Spanish *Don*, or our English *Sir*. It is very common in the early writers, prefixed to the names of persons of all sorts. Chaucer calls the apostles, and king Solomon, *Dan*! W's.

AMULET.—The Latin *amuletum* is without doubt from the Arabic *hamd-il*, a small kuran, suspended from the neck as a preservative; also a necklace of flowers; plural of *himdlat*, literally "taking upon

one's self; undertaking for;" also a swordbelt, from *hamala*, "to carry"—portavit *onus* in *dorso*—whence *hammal*, "a porter." The Arabs may have used both the singular and plural to signify the same, and the Latin word may have come from *himdlat*.

"YACHT."—Yacht is Dutch *jagt*, or German *jacht*, the *j* being sounded as the English *y*—a German always says *Jonathan* for *Jonathan*. The term is invariably applied to a pleasure-boat, sail-rigged.

ANSWER TO QUESTION IN JUNE NUMBER: "What is the historical allusion in the expression 'Scot-free?'"

There is no historical allusion at all. The word has no connection with the proper noun *Scot* or *Scotland*, but is a participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *scitan*, "to throw or cast." Horne Tooke, in his "Diversions of Purley," gives a long list of words derived from the same stem; among which are shoot, shut, scout, *scot*. The word *shot*, used so much by sailors in the sense of money, particularly money for a tavern reckoning, is usually regarded as *slang*, but may more probably be counted as a provincialism; and, like provincialisms generally, retaining the radical sense of the word *scitan*, "to cast something into the purse, to put *shot* into the locker;" the same conception and expression, singularly enough, which Horace uses, "*nummos in loculis demittere*." But *scot* and *shot* are interchangeable; they are in fact merely variations of the same word. So that "*scot-free*" is the same as "*shot-free*;" and the latter would be the same as "*money-free*"—that is, gratis—"without money and without price."

QUESTIONS.—1. Will you inform us how many religious denominations have Sabbath school publications, and when and how the custom of eating and coloring eggs on Easter originated? METHODIST.

2. What is an infinite series? Does it contain a *first* and a *last* term; or a *first* and not a *last*; or a *last* and not a *first*; or neither? A. J. M.

3. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—Given, $x^4 - 2x^3 + x = 132$, to find the value of x . H.

4. Why do chronologists set down the age of Terah at the birth of Abram as one hundred and thirty years, when the Bible says "Terah lived seventy years, and begat Abram?" Gen. xi, 26. SYLLABUS.

5. THE SUN AND THE EARTH.—The earth being an oblate sphere, are there six months' night at the Poles or not? If not, will this be a cause—when the days and nights are equal—operating to make the sun visible on more than half the earth at one time? H. B. W.

6. The slightest degree of punishment, if protracted forever, amounts to an infinitely severe punishment; the severest punishment, protracted forever, can amount to no more; therefore, all who are punished eternally must suffer alike. How is this quibble best answered? J. P. L.

7. Was it classic in Mr. Wesley's time to use such phrases as "had wrote," "had chose," "had spoke," or why does he use them? J. P. L.

Children's Department.

GRANDFATHER WAKELEY'S GIFTS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"CHARLIE—Ellen, see here, I'm off," and grandfather Wakeley snapped his great riding-whip in the hall.

They came bounding out from the kitchen with a great shout, and they clung round the old man and put up their young, bright faces for his good-by kiss.

"Now you will be good children, and get your lessons, and mind all grandma says?"

"O every thing—every thing, grandpa!"

"And you will bring me the pretty little cottage, with the well-sweep on one side, and the woman feeding chickens in front?" pleaded the soft, earnest voice of Ellen Wakeley.

"And you won't forget my violin, grandpa—you know you promised!" exclaimed the eager tones of her brother.

"No; I won't forget, children," and the tall, old man, who had been for so many years colonel of the militia, looked down fondly on the children and remembered the days of his boyhood.

"Yes, you shall have the presents, children, if you'll promise to obey all orders and not go into the south lot where the new cellar 's been dug. Likely as not you'd get to playing, and first you'd know you'd fall in, and there'd be an end of you, for there 's a heap of stones inside that would break every bone in your bodies. You'll both remember and not put your foot inside the lot; for if I find you have I sha' n't give you the presents on my return."

"We promise you we won't," simultaneously answered the children.

"Well, good-by, mother;" he said this to a small, gentle-faced woman, with silver-sifted hair, who came out of the sitting-room. "You'll have your hands full with these scape-graces during my absence."

"O, I can manage them," answered the cheerful voice of the old lady. "Now, John, do try and take care of yourself; and see here, where 's your overcoat pocket? I've put up a dozen o' them dough-nuts you're so fond of, to kind o' stay your stomach," and she slipped the cake, carefully folded in a newspaper, into the capacious pocket.

"Jest like you, for all the world, mother; it'll save an hour I should spend at the tavern," and grandfather Wakeley stalked out of the front door, and the trio watched him as he sprang into his great yellow wagon, and whipped up the stout farm-horses and disappeared round the curve in the turnpike.

The parents of Charles and Ellen Wakeley were with God, and for three years the children had dwelt in the shadow of the ample old farm-house, where their father grew up to manhood.

They were orphans only in name, for the most tender parents could not lavish more love or care on their children than did the old people on the boy and girl, whose voices made sweeter music round the old

homestead than the robins did, who have built their nests, for half a century, in its tress. Charles was thirteen, and Ellen, his sister, a year younger. Their characters were unlike, and yet both were warm-hearted, impulsive children. The boy's eyes, forever dancing with laughter between his flaxen locks, were like his father's; and his sister's hazel ones, full of clear, sweet smiles, were like her mother's. They were bright, robust children, too, in whose cheeks the blessed country winds had sown deep roses, and they gave their grandparents a world of thought and care; but the old people seemed to love them all the better for this.

—

"O, Ellen, you can't guess what 's inside there?"

Charles Wakeley made this remark one morning to his sister, as they passed the "south pasture lot," on their way down to the brook where their grandmother had dispatched them to gather some mint that Saturday morning.

Beautiful along the wheat-fields, in the road, and on the tree-tops lay the golden embroidery of the sunlight that June morning, and soft winds ruffled the long green locks of the trees, and the hearts of the little boy and girl were glad for the joy of the summer.

Ellen's blue eyes peered eagerly betwixt the bars. "O what is it, Charlie—I do n't see any thing! Do tell me what it is."

"Well, they're there, Ellen; ever so many real ripe strawberries!"

"O, Charlie!"

"It's true; Marcus Gray got over yesterday and brought me a handful."

"How I wish I could see some!" and Ellen pushed her eager face through the bars. "O I do, now, as true as I live; there are three great nice ripe ones right in the grass!"

"Where? where?" Charles's eyes followed the direction of Ellen's finger.

"Close by that big stone."

"O, yes, I see 'em now! Do n't they look nice? and there 's lots a little further on."

"O do n't you wish we could get in and gather them, Charlie!"

"Do n't I, though; but you know what grandpa said."

"Yes, I know it," answered Ellen reluctantly. "There would n't be the least bit of danger, for the cellar 's in the middle of the lot, and we might pick the berries along the edge, if grandpa was only here to say we might, Ellen."

"I know it; it's too bad we can't; but you know he said we were n't to go inside the bars."

"I wish that old cellar was at the bottom of the Red Sea, any how!" vehemently exclaimed the boy, striking his boot with a birch switch which he carried in his hand. "If it was n't for that we could jest go in and pick a quart of berries, like as not."

"O, dear! I wish it was too, Charlie; but we should n't fall in, I know."

"Of course we should n't; only grandpa's so particular."

"And then we promised him, Charlie."

"Well, who said we did n't?" quite sharply. "I could almost reach those with this stick if I stood close to the bars."

"You could n't quite, Charlie; but you could if you were just inside."

"I do n't believe grandpa'd care one bit, so I'm just going to try, Ellen."

"O, I'm afraid it's wicked!"

"Pshaw! it is n't; we won't go near the cellar, and that's all grandpa cared about."

And then a voice rose up and cried in the hearts of Charles and Ellen Wakeley, "Do n't go in there, children, because it will be *sia* to do this;" but they looked at the bright berries that lay like a cluster of rubies in the grass, and, alas! they both crept through the bars into the lot.

They had not the slightest intention of remaining here two minutes, and they tried to whisper to that inward voice, that there was no harm in doing this, and that grandpa would not care so that they did not approach the cellar; but they desecrated among the grass, a little farther on, fresh clusters of berries, and they commenced eagerly gathering these, and in a little while they wandered farther and farther from the bars, forgetful of every thing but the fruit.

"O Charlie, Charlie, help me!" A wild, sharp cry rung out suddenly on the still air, and turning quickly the boy saw his sister's figure swaying suddenly back, and then it disappeared as though the earth had swallowed it. He sprang forward in utter dismay, for he stood but a few feet from the girl, and he too came very near following her, for the grass had grown thick around the mouth of the large, deep excavation, so that none would have suspected it was there; and the sight that met his eyes blanched his cheeks and fairly shook him with terror.

His sister was hanging below him to a small stake which had been driven into the side of the cellar, and which rocked to and fro with her weight, for she had grasped it in her descent, and this was all that had saved her from falling on the sharp heaps of stones at the bottom and striking out her young life in a shapeless, bleeding mass.

"O, Charlie, I shall go—can't you help me?" moaned the half-fainting child.

"Yes, Ellen, I will; don't give way," for the stake began to crack. He bent down and reached out his arms, for she was not far from the top. "Now take tight hold of my hands. Do n't be afraid. I'll keep real strong, and steady, and drag you up."

It was a hard, hard task, and one that strained every sinew of the boy's frame; but he grasped one of his sister's wrists and managed to get his right hand under her shoulder. So slow and painfully he at last succeeded in dragging her out. Her arm was grazed, her face bruised, and her dress soiled, but Ellen Wakeley was saved.

"O, Charlie, what if I had fallen down on those stones!" sobbed the little girl as she clung to her

brother's arm; "I should have died at once and gone to God with such a great sin on my soul!"

"And I should have remembered, Ellen, that I made you come in here."

"O I wish we had n't done it! I'd give all the strawberries that ever grew if we had n't."

"So would I, Ellen; let's get out as quick as we can."

And with heavy hearts they hurried out of the lot, and the sunshine embroidering the fields, and the songs of the young birds in the boughs had no more beauty or sweetness to Charles and Ellen Wakeley.

"Grandpa's come, children! grandpa's come!"

Mrs. Wakeley had just lighted the lamp in the sitting-room, and the heads of the children were bowed over a puzzle at one corner of the table, when the loud, hearty tones of the old farmer broke in suddenly upon the quiet.

The children sprang forward and seized the old man's hands, with cries of eager, demonstrative joy, while Mrs. Wakeley said quietly, as she raised the wicks in the lamp-tubes with a darning-needle, "Well, father, I desire to be thankful that you've got back agin with no broken bones," and the heart of her husband knew all that lay under the quiet words.

And then Mrs. Wakeley bustled to and fro, preparing the farmer's supper, for he had not broken his fast since eleven o'clock; and while he dispatched this the children fluttered like humming-birds about him, and listened and clapped their hands at amusing accounts of his journey.

At last he rose up, and wiping his lips with his large red silk pocket handkerchief, said, with a half-quizzical smile, "Well, Charlie, Ellen, how about them presents—do you think you deserve 'em?—speak up now."

For there was a sudden pause. Charlie glanced at his sister, and she glanced back at him.

"I'll speak for 'em, father," interposed the soft voice of their grandmother. "They've been fast-rate children ever since you've been gone, and have n't disobeyed me in a single thing. I never ask to see better ones."

"Well done, children, I'm glad to hear such a good account of you," and then the old farmer hurried out of the room and returned in a few minutes, bringing with him two oblong parcels in wrappings of white paper.

Removing these the daintiest little gothic cottage revealed itself, with green blinds and white pillars in front, with a small yard set with green shrubs, and gray mosses sloping down to the gate, and the small oak-stained front door flew back, and there were the tiniest rooms inside, with the tiniest sets of furniture, making altogether the quaintest, completest little cottage one could imagine.

Then Charlie's violin presented itself, and this was of bass-wood, painted black, with a circle of oak leaves gracefully carved round it.

And the children received these gifts from their grandfather's hands in ecstasies of vociferous delight.

"That's right, you little torments," laughed the farmer; "take as much comfort and make as much

noise over your gimcracks as you can, for you've earned 'em by being good children."

The boy and girl started suddenly and looked at each other, for the same thought had whispered through the hearts of both.

"Charlie?"

"Well, what do you want, Ellen?"

She sat down by him on the back-door stone. It was just after tea, and he had been scraping his bow across the chords of the violin in a fitful manner, as though his mind was somewhere else.

There was a short silence, and Ellen twisted her little brown fingers thoughtfully together, and then she drew close up to her brother and whispered, "Charlie, I do n't enjoy my cottage half so much as I thought I should."

"Well, I do n't my violin either—that's a fact," answered the boy despondingly.

"I know why."

"So do I."

Another pause. "Charlie, what would grandpa say if he knew it?"

"I do n't know, I'm sure; but I almost wish he did," with a hasty nervous movement of his feet.

"I've been thinking if we should tell him now."

"O, Ellen, we can't do that!"

"I s'pose we can't; but my cottage won't ever look pretty to me again."

"Neither will my violin. I wish I could hide it away where I could never see it."

"But that can't be done, Charlie, because grandpa and grandma would inquire into it at once, though I know we do n't deserve to have the presents."

"I know so too, Ellen; but you see we did n't tell a lie, because we did n't say we'd be good when grandpa asked us."

"But we acted one, Charlie, by taking the presents when we knew they did n't really belong to us."

"So we did, Ellen. I'll own up."

Then there fell another pause. At last Ellen's little hand stole into her brother's, and the seriousness in her blue eyes blurred out all their smiles.

"Charlie," she said timidly, "there is only one way."

"I see it, but it do n't seem as if I could tell him—it do n't seem as if I could," muttered the boy to himself, impatiently tapping his foot against the stone and looking off to the sunset clouds which lay in the west like an argosy of rosy sails.

"We shall never be happy till we do—perhaps I might try," but the little girl's lips quivered as she said the words. Her brother sat very still, his eyes on the ground, and his bright face full of a new thoughtfulness. Suddenly he lifted his head, and the strength of a brave, resolute purpose kindled every feature of Charles Wakeley's face. "No you sha' n't either, Ellen. I won't be outdone in courage by a girl, for I should blush to remember it all the days of my life. And I'm going right in to tell grandpa now and have it over with," and he sprang up.

"Wait one minute," cried his sister, following him.

Grandfather Wakeley sat by the tall window reading the newspaper, and his wife at the opposite one

was "toeing off" a blue woolen stocking, and they both looked up as the children entered the room.

"Grandpa," said the boy, going up to the old man, "here's the violin. I can't keep it. I do n't deserve it;" he spoke in a rapid, rather husky voice.

"And I do n't deserve the cottage, either," interposed the soft tones of Ellen Wakeley, and she held out the beautiful toy.

"What in the world does all this mean?" asked the old man, staring in amazement over his silver-bowed spectacles toward the children.

"It means that we've disobeyed you, grandpa," answered Charlie, and then he related all the circumstances of his entering into the "south pasture lot" to gather strawberries with Ellen; but when he came to that part where his little sister had fallen into the excavation and only been saved by grasping the stake driven into one side, grandmother Wakeley groaned out sharply and covered her eyes with her hand; and this was the only sound that broke in upon the boy's recital.

There was a brief silence after he closed. Then grandfather Wakeley said in a low, steady voice, "Now, Charles, I want to know just what made you and Ellen come and tell me all this when I should never otherwise have suspected it."

"Because, grandpa, we knew we did n't deserve the presents, and it would be acting a lie to keep them, and I hate, and abhor, and loathe a lie. I would n't carry the horrid thing, burning like a fire right down in my heart, for all the violins that were ever made."

"Nor I, for all the cottages," answered Ellen, her blue eyes flashing with earnestness.

Grandfather Wakeley received the presents silently from the children's hands and laid them on the table, then drew the boy and girl toward him and placed his hands on their heads, and his voice was not quite steady, though full of a solemn tenderness, as he said, "Yes, my dear children, I will take back the gifts, for I too can not tell a lie, and I must retain them for a while at least; but I freely forgive you for the wrong you have done, because you so frankly owned it; and I bless God because he put it into your hearts to do this, more than for any thing else in your lives; and I know now that these rest upon a solid foundation, even upon truth."

"Amen!" murmured the soft voice of grandmother Wakeley, and she bowed her head while the night-winds came in softly through the window and stirred the silver-sifted locks of her hair and her husband's.

Little children, who shall read this story, would you have done as they did, of whom I have written?

God grant that your hearts may answer, "Yes;" that a lie shall be to you something utterly abhorrent and terrible; that the thought of carrying it upon your conscience shall be like a devouring flame, and that above all pleasures, or praises, or good gifts which the hearts of little children can conceive of, you shall reverence, and love, and live the truth! So shall life be always pleasant, and nature wreathed in smiles to you. For there is nothing more amiable than truth, and nothing more adorns the young or adds grace to the old than a steadfast devotion to it.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

DISTINGUISHED DEAD.—We have already this year recorded the death of men eminent in the walks of literature, science, or the Church; and we now enter the names of others, whose reputation is not confined to their own birthplace:

Rev. Geo. Lane died at Wilkesbarre, Penn., on the 8th of May. He was one of our oldest preachers, having joined the Philadelphia conference in 1805, three years later than the venerable Dr. Bangs. He was Book Agent at New York for many years, and also Treasurer of the Missionary Society. He was a man of most pure and blameless character, beloved by all who had a personal acquaintance with him. He retired from public office at the General conference of 1852, worn with the cares and labors of years, and from that time led a secluded life till his death.

Wm. C. Larrabee, LL. D., died at his residence in Greencastle, May 5th, in full possession of his faculties, calm, at peace with the world, and in full hope of a blissful immortality. His end was just what he had desired—surrounded by those who were dearest to him on earth. His wife died but a few weeks since. Professor Larrabee devoted most of his life to the business of teaching. He was received into full membership in the Maine conference in 1835. We find his name in that year in connection with the Maine Wesleyan Seminary as its Principal. He remained, we believe, in connection with this institution till he came to Indiana, about twenty years since. For several years he filled the chair of Mathematics in the Indiana Asbury University. In 1852 he was elected editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, but never entered fully upon the duties of this appointment. During the ensuing fall he was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of Indiana. From this post he was elected Superintendent of the Asylum for the Blind, and from this he was again elected state Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was a ripe scholar, and a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Ladies' Repository*. He was the author of a number of valuable books; among them, Wesley and his Coadjutors, Asbury and his Coadjutors, Scientific Evidences of Christianity, etc.

Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769, and died May 6, 1859, in his 91st year. He was educated at Gottingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. In 1792 he was appointed as overseer of the mines in Franconia, but relinquished this position in 1795, from his strong inclination for travel. His extended tours through South America, the West Indies, and Mexico, in company with his friend Bonpland, from 1799 to 1804, are well known from their joint work containing the results of their travels, published at Paris in 1810 and subsequent years. The remainder of his life was devoted chiefly to scientific labors. His last and greatest work is "*Cosmos*," the final volume of which, we believe, he had completed, though not yet published.

The death of Dr. Dionysius Lardner is announced

as having occurred in the early part of May. The time and place of his decease are not mentioned, but the event is stated as having occurred in England. Dr. Lardner's age was 66. He was well known in this country, where he obtained an excellent reputation as a popular lecturer on science, some eighteen years ago. He was a native of Ireland, born in Dublin, in 1793. In 1827, at the age of 34, he was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the London University, and in the following year removed to London. The establishment of the *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, under his immediate direction, brought him prominently before the English public. The *Cyclopaedia* was published by Longman & Co., and obtained a very large circulation. Its object was the dissemination of scientific knowledge among the masses. Among its regular contributors were Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Scott, Southey, Mackintosh, and others. Dr. Lardner contributed to its pages treatises on hydrostatics, pneumatics, geometry, etc. During this period he also contributed to its pages on physical science to the *Edinburgh Review*, and other periodicals. In his later years he lived quietly, devoting himself to scientific studies, and laboring assiduously in his peculiar province.

T. K. Hervey, a distinguished poet, and the author of some of the most beautiful verses in the poetry of the present century, recently died at his home in England.

Rev. George W. Doane, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Jersey, died April 27th. He was an extreme Churchman in his views, and his tendency toward Papacy was strongly suspected. He is the writer of several of our best hymns, one or two of which may be found in our *Methodist Hymn-Book*.

On the 23d of March, Count Sigismund Krasinski, the distinguished Polish noble, hero, and poet, died in Paris. He was related to the royal houses of Saxony and Piedmont, and his godfather was the Emperor Napoleon, who appointed him on the day of his birth aide-de-camp to the King of Rome. Count Sigismund's was an agitated and sorrowful existence. A great nobleman, a great poet, and one of the richest men in Europe, he might have aimed at the highest destinies, yet he voluntarily resigned himself to an obscure and passive life. The most brilliant offers were made to him from the highest quarters. Once the Emperor Nicholas desired to see him. "Be with me," said the Czar, "and I will grant you any thing you may ask." But Count Sigismund could not bear to witness the subjection of his country. He went abroad, and sent forth from the depths of his voluntary exile snatches of glorious verse, which he never acknowledged. The Poles sang these hymns without knowing their author.

A "METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY" has just been established at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, for the collection and preservation of

materials relating to a history of Methodism in Ohio and other western states. The Society, through the kindness of the late Samuel Williams, Esq., is already possessed of complete bound files of the *Advocate and Journal*, *Western Christian Advocate*, *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and other Methodist periodicals, making together upward of a hundred volumes; a large number of private manuscripts and papers, and the collections of the Western Methodist Historical Society formed in this city twenty years since, but now extinct, besides other valuable and important documents indispensable to the future historian of Methodism in the Mississippi valley. The Society will be glad to receive for its archives every thing in any way pertinent to its objects; such as books, papers, pamphlets, old letters of or relating to pioneer preachers and laymen, minutes of quarterly conferences, obituary records, plans of churches, records of circuits or stations, etc. Much that is valuable can in this way be preserved from destruction, and made available to the Church hereafter.

BUDDHISM IN BURMAH.—Buddhist worship and the monastic discipline are preserved in Burmah with greater purity than in any other country, the former less mixed with the service of intruding divinities, and the latter less stained with the habitual breach of obligations either of poverty or continence. The ethics of their Buddhism, with many puerilities, free as they are from the warp of caste, appear to be much purer than those of Brahminism, and here and there among them maxims are seen of a startling thoroughness that remind one of the penetrating precepts of Holy Writ. The monastic state is carried here to a greater extent than in any Asiatic country perhaps, and is considered indispensable to the attainment of perfection and bliss. The reputation of the monks in Burmah, too, maintains, I believe, a respectable level. Yet the moral system has had little effect on the character of the people. No point is more prominent in that system than tenderness of life. Yet in no country probably—unless in semi-Buddhist China—has human life been more recklessly and cruelly sacrificed, whether in punishment of crime, or in judicial and private murder.

FRUITS OF MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.—We have as the fruits of missionary labor in Southern India and Ceylon: 1. More than one hundred thousand persons who have abandoned idolatry, and are gathered into congregations receiving Christian instruction. 2. More than sixty-five thousand who have been baptized into the name of Christ, and have thus publicly made a profession of their Christian discipleship. 3. More than fifteen thousand who have been received as communicants, in the belief that they are the sincere and faithful disciples of Christ. 4. More than five hundred natives, exclusive of schoolmasters, who are employed as Christian teachers of their countrymen, and who are generally devoted and successful in their work. 5. More than forty-one thousand boys in the mission schools, learning to read and understand the holy Scriptures. 6. More than eleven thousand girls rescued from that gross ignorance and degradation to which so many of their sex in India seem to be hopelessly condemned. Here are

the palpable evidences of the divine power of the Gospel; evidences which are yet destined to constrain many a heathen to abandon his idols and turn to the now despised and hated name of Jesus.

NEW PREPARATION FOR PAPER.—A French gentleman, an amateur in chemistry, has discovered a new mode of making paper. It is simply by boiling slices of wood with a certain quantity of mineral and vegetable alkali. If we may rely on the statement of the inventor, who intends to practice his method on a large scale, he can produce from 54 kilogrammes of slices of firwood and 5 kilogrammes of alkali, a ream of very large paper as white as snow and as fine as silk.

EASTER DAY.—Easter Day, which in the present year fell on the 24th of April, has not occurred at so late a period since 1791, in which year it was on that day, and will not again happen on the same date till the year 2011. Since the introduction of the Gregorian, or new style, by Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, Easter Day has fallen on the 24th of April in only three instances, namely, in the years 1639, 1707, 1791.

PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.—An endless variety of ornamental vessels are used for the reception of cut flowers, and they are all very useful if made so that the stalks can be inserted in pure water. This water ought to be changed every day, or once in two days at the farthest, and a thin slice should be cleanly cut off from the end of each stalk every time the water is removed, which will occasion fresh action, and revive the flowers. Water about milk-warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor, will sometimes revive decayed flowers. The best method of applying this is to use the common camphorated spirits, adding a drop or two to every ounce of water. A glass shade is also useful in preserving flowers, and cut flowers ought always to be shaded during the night.

BOSTON NEWSPAPERS.—The valuation of the newspaper establishments of Boston, as shown by the assessor's books for the present year, is as follows: *Journal*, \$40,000; *Herald*, \$40,000; *Transcript*, \$30,000; *Traveler*, \$20,000; *Post*, \$17,000; *Advertiser*, \$15,000.

NUMBER OF PAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—It is stated that there are now printed within the limits of our Union not less than four thousand newspapers, at least five hundred of them daily, and five hundred semi-weekly. About half pay their way.

GOTHIC PRINTING.—The Tromsø Times is said to be printed farther north than any other paper in the world. It is printed at Tromsø, a little island village of about 4,000 inhabitants, on the coast of Norway, at three degrees within the Polar circle. The Times is a four-paged semi-weekly sheet, with only two columns on a page, and is about the size of a quarto book form. The style of type is the Gothic, which has been discarded in Sweden, and to a considerable extent both in Germany and Denmark. The latter are the only persons which retain the Gothic handwriting.

Literary Notices.

THE MICROSCOPIST'S COMPANION. *A Popular Manual of Practical Microscopy.* By John King, M. D. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 306 pages. Illustrated.—This work should be hailed by the lovers of science. It is the most complete and reliable treatise on the subject accessible to those interested in microscopical investigations. It gives a list of the various kinds of microscopes, their accessories, manufactures, prices, etc. The method of using these instruments, with the different objectives, eye-pieces, and accessories, is clearly laid down: the mode of measuring objects to determine their size; of drawing the magnified image of the object, by means of camera; of preparing cells for mounting objects; of collecting, preserving, and mounting objects of all kinds—as infusoria, fossil diatoms, desmids, diatoms, sections of wood, bone, shell, coal, etc., are explained with brevity and comprehensiveness. The mode of conducting chemical examinations with the aid of the microscope, or micro-chemistry, as well botanical and medical investigations, are sufficiently dwelt upon to enable any one to institute such researches without difficulty. Indeed, no more than a glance at its contents can be given, which seem to embrace about every department of science, in which the microscope may prove available. It is a wonder how so much information could have been crowded into the work, and conveyed in such a clear and accurate manner.

The employment of almost any one of the microscopes described, in connection with the instructions of the book, will be an inexhaustible source of varied instruction and amusement. To every individual who would enrich his mind with the wonders and the magnificence of the otherwise invisible world, we recommend the free use of the microscope and its indispensable "Companion."

THE PORTFOLIO WORKS OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL. *With a Biographical Sketch. In Two Volumes.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—As to the style in which these two volumes are gotten up, it is enough to say that they appear in the "blue and gold" series of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. This is our favorite edition of the British and American poets.

Percival was born in Berlin, Conn., in 1795, and died in 1857. His first volume of poems was issued from the press in 1820, and was well received by the public. Our space will not allow us to detail his literary labors. He was a man of unquestioned genius, and some of his poems will last as long as the English language endures. But his character and life were marked by the eccentricities of genius—its isolation, its poverty, its unrest. A deep brooding melancholy, a disposition to seclusion from society characterized him through life. There were times, says his biographer, when he was unable, through poverty, to buy enough suitable food to sustain his bodily strength. His library was saved from sheriff's sale

only by the liberality of a few men who admired his genius. His life was a struggle, and, in some points, a failure. Profoundly learned, his mind richly and variously stored, critical and accurate to the last degree, retentive and also ready—yet after all its practical energies were, to a great extent, lost to the world. The verse, however, that flowed so freely from his pen—even while his heart was crushed and breaking in its sorrow and gloom—has justified his claim to a place among

"The few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

THE MUSICAL GUEST.—Cheap literature is no longer an experiment. It is one of the grand achievements of the age. Now we have the experiment of cheap music. The marvel is, in view of the fact that the piano is finding its way into almost every family, that the experiment has not been tried before. Before us lie the first seven numbers—Volume I—of *The Musical Guest*, edited by Henry C. Watson, and published by M. Bell & Co., 13 Frankfort-street, New York city. It is issued weekly, each number containing twelve pages of new and popular music. Price, ten cents per number, or \$5 per year, in advance. The seven numbers before us contain thirty pieces, costing only seventy cents. The same music, published in the usual manner, would be nearly \$5. The style is fully equal to any thing issued. We can not but think this is a movement in the right direction.

THE SACRED MUSICAL GUEST is a companion of the above. It is issued on the fifteenth of each month, each number containing twenty-eight pages full music-size sheet, and the volume for the year containing three hundred and thirty-six pages. Price, twenty-five cents per number, or \$3 per year. Edited and published as above.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for May, contains, 1. Popular Literature—Tracts. 2. A Cruise in Japanese Waters—Part V. 3. The Luck of Ladysmede—Part III. 4. The Witch of Walkerne. 5. Only a Pond! 6. The Competition System and the Public Service. 7. Tidings from Turin. 8. The Appeal to the Country. L. Scott & Co., New York city. \$3 a year.

DICKINSON COLLEGE Catalogue for 1858-9, gives a summary of—seniors, 20; juniors, 31; sophomores, 27; freshmen, 46; preparatory, 40; total, 164. Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The Catalogue of this institution shows an aggregate of 543—seniors, 25; juniors, 32; sophomores, 44; freshmen, 46; preparatory school, 116; Biblical department, 34. The others are enrolled in the scientific and academical departments. Rev. E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., President, assisted by seven professors.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE, for June, is on our table—the best guide published.

New York Literary Correspondence.

City Publishers—Books recently issued—Willson's "New History of the Conquest of Mexico;" Critiques on this book—Knapp's "Lectures on Christian Theology"—Alice Cary's "Pictures of Country Life"—New Books issued by Sheldon & Co.—"New American Cyclopedia," Vol. V.—Brown's "Sixty Years' Gleanings from Life's Harvest"—Lady Morgan's "Passages from my Autobiography"—"Adam Bede"—Fictitious Literature—"The Century" newspaper enterprise—The Atlantic Monthly's "Breakfast-Table."

I HOPE, my dear Editor, that neither yourself nor any of your fraternity will be offended with me if, on my own confession, I shall be convicted of infringing the rights of your *guild*, in a single particular. I have done it under a kind of necessity; that is, I found greatness thrust upon me, and I am not the man to refuse, though I will not court the favoring smiles of fortune. My case is thus: As your "literary correspondent," I am in duty bound to keep myself posted in matters of current literature; and that I may do this I find it useful to pay an occasional visit to the great publishing houses of the city. Now, our publishers are very polite gentlemen, treating every body courteously; but I find that it makes some difference with them whether or not a man is in a position to serve them; for when, in addition to my own proper name, I am introduced as the "New York Literary Correspondent of the Ladies' Repository," a marked change of manner is at once perceptible. Were I vain I should be chagrined at this; but I some time ago made up my mind to quietly accept all the good things that may fall to my lot, without scruple; for if sometimes I get more than my due, at other times I think I get less, and the one may compensate for the other. I thus learn, too, that an editor of a literary magazine, with forty thousand subscribers, is a very considerable character in the estimation of the men of the trade, since his mere shadow is so recognized; and, as a special favor to the presenter, of course, he is solicited to accept a copy of the latest publication. I have accordingly assigned a small shelf, in one corner of my *sanctum*, for the reception of these complimentary volumes, which I call "our table," and upon this all books so received are constructively "laid" by their publishers. Quite a pile of them have accumulated there within a few weeks past, and to these I now propose to pay my respects.

First comes "A New History of the Conquest of Mexico," from the manufactory and publishing house of Challen & Son, Philadelphia—a superb royal octavo, of paper, type, and illustrations well calculated to allure one to its reading. The writer, Robert A. Willson, subscribes himself "Counselor at Law, author of Mexico and its Religion, etc.;" and for some cause he is familiarly spoken of as Judge Willson. The second part of the title-page indicates the spirit of the work, which is throughout decidedly combative. The author questions and discredits a large share of the statements made by Mr. Prescott, on the authority

of the old Spanish chroniclers, and especially that of Bernal Diaz, and labors to vindicate the famous denunciation by Las Casas of the popular historians of that war. He enters upon his work with the spirit of an iconoclast, and it must be confessed that he deals heavy blows, while the effects seem to indicate that they are not always wide of the mark. Prescott's stories certainly have an air of romance, somewhat of the Munchhausen order—a kind of writing to which the Spanish chroniclers were not a little addicted. It is often very difficult to harmonize them with the physical features of the country; and the remains of Aztec civilization—if civilization it was—very faintly answer to the glowing accounts of the grandeur and solidity of their architecture, and the whole story may, after all, turn out to be little more than Monkish legends.

But however these questions may be settled, this new volume has been made the occasion of a spirited literary battle, for which its author may be thankful. The Atlantic Magazine is out against the new history in piquant and well-written articles, ascribed to the poet Lowell, in both the April and the May numbers. Mr. Lowell is editor-in-chief of the Atlantic, and that periodical is the property of the publishers of Prescott's Histories, which two facts quite possibly have more than an accidental relation to each other; and the evident purpose of the critic to annihilate the book and its author betrays a feeling of greater intensity than mere literary criticism would warrant. The whole *animus* of these articles is so violent and carping as to necessarily react, with damaging effect, upon their author and his cause. The upshot of the whole matter may be readily anticipated. As an argument and protest against the marvelous stories in Prescott's Spanish-American Histories, this new volume can not fail to command attention and respect; and its suggestions respecting the early peopling of Central America are not altogether unworthy of consideration. As a writer, however, Mr. Willson can but poorly compete with his antagonists or his rival, and it may be questioned whether his researches have been sufficiently extensive to entitle his opinions to implicit reliance. Prescott will still be read, whether believed or doubted; and while some will choose to credit his statements on account of their telling, others will read them for the amusement they afford, as one reads the Arabian Nights, or Gulliver's Travels. "Read me fiction," said a venerable *litterateur* to his attendants, "that may be true; but as for your history, I know that to be false."

N. Tibballs and Company, 118 Nassau-street, general dealers in theological books, occasionally do something in the way of publishing. They have recently brought out a new edition of Knapp's "Lectures on Christian Theology," translated by Dr. Woods, and first published some ten or twelve years ago. The book has for some time been out of print, and this new edition is called for. The work itself

has an established reputation, and is highly prized by theological students generally, for the clearness, Scripturalness, and catholicity of its theology. As an elementary treatise it is succinct yet comprehensive, and sufficiently elaborate, and perhaps there is no work better adapted to the demands of the great body of intelligent Christians, as a hand-book of Christian doctrine. I am happy to be able to call the attention of your readers to it, not doubting that its extensive circulation would be useful.

From Derby & Jackson comes a fair duodecimo, by Alice Cary, "Pictures of Country Life"—short stories about all sorts of rustic people, with accompanying scenes and circumstances. Miss Cary writes in a plain, easy, and spirited style, with some wit and a very little humor, and what she writes has generally a healthful, moral tone and character. But she writes too much, and by diluting her thoughts too far, her productions fall below her real ability. So of these "Pictures."

From Sheldon & Company, Baptist publishers and booksellers, there are in my pile three little volumes, of a directly religious character. First is "The Losing and Taking of Mansoul; or, Lectures on the [Bunyan's] Holy War," by Rev. S. A. Patton, "author of Kincaid, or the Hero Missionary." This is a moderate-sized duodecimo, in large type and doubly leaded; in which the less renowned but more directly didactic allegory of the immortal dreamer is made the basis of a series of evangelical instructions and exhortations—so decidedly evangelical that they lean a little beyond the perpendicular. It is a good book, however, and will do good. Next comes "Blind Bartimeus, or the Story of the Sightless Sinner, and his Great Physician," by Professor J. W. Hoge, of the (Baptist) Union Theological Seminary. This is a neat little volume, full of the marrow of the Gospel, and corresponding very nearly, in both evangelical tone and doctrinal character, with the preceding, and like that it is calculated to be useful. The third is a reprint of a little English volume, "Daily Thoughts for a Child," a series of little sermons, of from five to ten minutes reading—simple, devout, and persuasive, and many of them largely illustrated by narratives. It is a good book from which to select pieces for Sunday school reading, a use to which this copy shall be devoted.

From the Appletons, accompanying the fifth volume of the "New Cyclopaedia"—which, I regret to say, I have to pay for, and so I am not under any special obligation to say any thing about it, else I would praise it largely—I have quite a package of rather inviting volumes. "Sixty Years' Gleanings from Life's Harvest, by John Brown," purports to be an autobiography of an Englishman. It is earnest and vivacious, coarse but clever, shrewd and unscrupulous. The boys and girls can find a great deal of better reading, and grown-up people will not be likely to care for it. "Passages from my Autobiography, by Sidney Lady Morgan," is a gossiping sketch by one of the brilliant female writers of the past and present generations. This book describes itself as "simple records of a transition existence, socially enjoyed, and pleasantly and profitably occupied, during a journey of a few months from Ireland to Italy."

It is a sprightly and attractive volume, and probably will not want readers.

The last of my pile—and that is not there now, having been carried off to be read by some one—is "Adam Bede, by George Eliot, author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life.'" I am afraid some of your readers will begin to suspect that I am falling into a bad way as to novel-reading, when I tell you that I have read this book to the end. It came into my possession just as I was setting off upon a long journey by rail, and I made it my companion to while away the tedium of travel; and I must add at the end, I found it both agreeable and edifying. I know nothing as to its author, and presume that "George Eliot" is a fictitious name. The "Scenes of Clerical Life" were published about a year ago by the Harpers, and received a good share of attention. I read a portion of them, and was pleased with the wholesome common-sense evinced. But "Adam Bede" is a more pretentious volume. It here appears as a duodecimo of nearly five hundred pages, and is an elaborate and thoroughly-digested production. In some particulars it reminds one of "Doctor Thorne;" and the two belong to the same class, though this unquestionably excels that in almost every feature, and, judged by his works, "George Eliot" is an abler and better writer than Mr. Trollope. I am aware that there is a prevalent, and I grant a reasonable disfavor, toward works of fiction, among such as care for the moral purity of society. The design of that class of works has been chiefly to amuse, and often to pander to a corrupt taste. And when fiction began to be employed as a vehicle of thought, and a medium through which to affect the public mind, the mental tendencies of those who chiefly employed it were generally unfavorable to religion and good morals, and the whole influence of the writings of the great novelists of the present age—Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackeray; perhaps, too, Miss Bremer, Mary Howitt, and Charlotte Bronte may be added—is so manifestly evil, that no Christian parent can willingly permit them to be read in his family. But these things show very clearly that fiction is a powerful instrument in social life—a mode by which the character of society may be influenced, at least for evil; and why not also for good? This thought has given rise to a class of religious novels, of whose influence for good there is still some question, and it is evident that a directly religious fiction will almost necessarily fall below the highest ideal of that species of literary production. There yet seemed to be an occupied space in this department of writing, offering all its advantages, and affording opportunity to bring the confessed power of fiction to aid in promoting the interests of a sound, social morality and a pure and living evangelism. To achieve that work appears to have been the object aimed at by the author of "Adam Bede," and he has succeeded.

In a very important sense it may be asserted that fiction is capable of being made more truthful than history. All statements of facts must contain anomalies, which necessarily mar the symmetry of the story, and cause its teachings to mislead. History is never the daguerreotyped image of the recorded actions, but rather a transcript of the conceptions of

them in the author's mind, which are always imperfect as to details, and often deformed and perverted by his preconceptions and prejudices. Fiction, on the other hand, is a pure conception, fashioned after the ideal formed in the mind of the writer, so that, if that ideal be truthful, the tale is a true image of the noblest form of reality. No merely human function, therefore, can be higher than that of the novelist, and no position affords better facilities for doing good in society. The drama, as a department of letters, possesses some of these advantages, and the tragedy is very nearly related to the best class of novels; but it has many disadvantages, to which, by its greater freedom and naturalness, the novel is not subject. In no other kind of literary productions is the writer so completely at liberty to sketch from nature, and to present truthful images unmarred by the presence of anomalies, with which all history abounds. Nature seldom or never realizes her own perfection; to do that, whether in matter or mind, is the business of man's creative genius, and so the formal fiction is often the most truthful image of the real. I am in doubt whether any body will understand me in all this; and I can only add that I think I know what it is about.

But to come back to the book. I have read "Adam Bede" through, and think very highly of it. Some call it a religious novel, but that designation is scarcely the correct one. It is not professedly religious, nor are all its chief characters or leading transactions directly religious. Methodism, of the genuine Wesleyan type, is brought openly upon the stage, and permitted to act its parts in its own costume and speaking its own language.

While a strong religious vein runs through the story, no one can feel that there is any thing of religious formalism about it. The book is not one to be read for amusement, nor even for recreation. It requires thought, study, reflection, and may be profitably re-read and mentally reviewed. Its special design seems to be to illustrate the ministry of sorrow in the perfecting of great characters and the development of the highest order of social virtues; and in this it is successful.

In the newspaper world a single fact shall be noticed—the advent, and more than three months' continuance in being, of *The Century*, "a national newspaper of politics, commerce, finance, economy, literature, science, and art—published every Saturday by Thomas M'Elrath." The title is rather pretentious, or, perhaps, it should be termed *promising*, a programme of a promised entertainment. Journalism in this city falls a good deal below the just demands of the public; and out of this city it can scarcely be said to have an existence in our country. To meet this demand was the design of the projectors of the "Century;" and it would seem that the governing notion of the enterprise was well conceived, and, so far as a weekly paper may do it, the thing intended has been rather successfully accomplished. Its size is somewhat above that of the principal eight-paged dailies; the paper is firm, fine, and white; the type clear and large; the whole presenting in these particulars a contrast with its rivals; and the matter is elevated in style and character, and highly commendable in moral tendency. Holding itself en-

tirely independent of parties and cliques, it is nevertheless outspoken and decided on all prevailing questions of public interest. Religiously, it is Christian, Protestant, evangelical, but not ecclesiastical: politically, it is "national," not in the modern misuse of that term, but really and truly so. In literary character it rivals the best magazines in the country; and as a repertory of *sece* it is ample, reliable, and judiciously discriminating. Its editorials, which are strictly impersonal, are of a very high order. In all these particulars the "Century" is a good way in advance of any thing we have hitherto had; but whether it can be sustained pecuniarily is perhaps questionable. I fear its business department is not conducted sufficiently boldly, and that it may fail by too much cautiousness. A daily paper has become a necessity, wherever it can be gotten, and after that only a few will subscribe for a weekly. Faint intimations have been made that the "Century" is to become a daily, but more recently I have not heard the promise renewed. Should that change be made, and the enterprise prosecuted with the requisite energy, the event would constitute an important and highly-important era in American journalism. I hope it will be done. In the mean time all who wish a first-class weekly, general newspaper, can not do better than to send for the *Century*. All this I write for the benefit of your readers, uninfluenced by personal favor for those interested in the concern, of which I know very little.

In the *Atlantic* magazine, for May, Dr. Holmes gives the usual amount of breakfast-table discussion, now no longer as "Autocrat," but simply as "Professor." Pity the man does not know when it is wise to stop, and so not "run the thing into the ground." The "Professor" is only the "Autocrat" rased, and so the common author is constantly liable to be damaged by a comparison with himself. In the January number the "Professor" chose to "signalize" his advent by some very free and quite uncalled-for attacks upon "orthodoxy," the term by which his school designates and seeks to damage Christianity. His strictures called forth a very general and most emphatic protest from the religious press against so flagrant an abuse of the public confidence, and such an open violation of the implied pledge of the publishers to confine their magazine to other subjects than theological discussions. There is reason to believe that the remonstrance so unmistakably uttered has not been unheeded, and it may be hoped that the "orthodox" may still read the "Atlantic" without being pained at its polished infidelity, or insulted by its ribald sneers—however politely uttered—at the things they hold most sacred. But the little Doctor could not quit his favored undertaking without sending back one Parthian arrow at the object of his spite, and so we are now treated to a few last words on theology—half-apologetic and half-denunciatory. The whole piece is as full of infidelity as the "Age of Reason;" but as it is polite in manner and chaste in style, and its offensiveness covered up under a form of fair words, it will probably do comparatively little harm. And, best of all, the "Professor" intimates that probably he will not report any more theological discussions; to all which let all the people say, Amen.

Editorial Paper.

UTILITIES AND INUTILITIES OF AN ITINERANT CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

THE founder of Methodism was an itinerant in its largest sense. And from his day to the present an itinerant ministry has been one of the marked characteristics of Methodism.

It is not our purpose to discuss the Scriptural authority for such a system. But, as our caption indicates, we examine its utility—its practical advantages and disadvantages. Yet it may not be improper to remark, in passing, that the ministry of Christ was an itinerant ministry. So far, then, as the example of the great Head of the Church is concerned, and is applicable to the case, it is clearly on the side of itinerancy. It is also evident, from the Acts of the Apostles and from the Epistles, that there were, to say the least, itinerant ministers in the Church in apostolic times. There may have been also ministers who were "settled," that is, placed in permanent pastoral relation to the same congregation. We will not discuss that point at this moment. Nor need we. It is sufficient for us to know that itinerancy has the sanction of our Lord's example, and also of usage in the apostolic Church. Thenceforward it becomes a question of practical utility.

There is, perhaps, a peculiar fitness in the examination of this question at the present time, and in its relations to the Methodist Episcopal Church. That spirit of unrest which is the characteristic of the age, and that blind rage for "reform" which would strike down the tried and the practical, and put in its place the new and the ideal, has found in this system a target for its shafts. The doubt has been awakened in many minds whether the time has not now come, or at least is not fast approaching, when this feature of our economy may not be dispensed with. Though admitting its usefulness in our early history, they are led to inquire whether the day of its utility has not passed by. With another class modifications seem desirable—modifications which would undermine the foundation, steal away the life of the system. In addition to all this, the burdens of the system—and it must be confessed that it has its burdens as well as its utilities—are known and felt by all. They come home to the people. They are felt by thousands, who never rise to the comprehension of the great practical advantages of the system in its general workings. We trust, however, that on the part of all there is a disposition to weigh the subject with candor. Certainly all subordinate considerations should weigh lightly where the efficiency of the Church of Christ is concerned.

Our limited space will allow us to make only a few points. We hope to make them definite and conclusive.

This system combines the elements of aggressiveness more than any other. And after all, is not efficiency the great question? Efficiency in saving the souls of men—efficiency in spreading the knowledge

of Christ in the world? What is comfort, ease, respectability, or honor compared with *efficiency*? In the Methodist Episcopal Church we have the best example—in fact, the only example, of a systematized itinerancy to which we can refer as an illustration of its efficiency. We will not enumerate the results lest we be judged guilty of vain boasting. But we may bid the doubter behold them as they are now manifested in grand national and ecclesiastical statistics.

It embodies the essential missionary element in its highest form of activity. In fact, Methodism from the beginning has been a missionary system. Without waiting for a call from the people, and without any stipulations for recompense, like the apostles of old, her itinerants sought out the people and proclaimed to them the message of God's mercy to the lost and guilty sons of men. They went out everywhere. No pioneer could get beyond their reach. No fastness of the wilderness could become impervious to them. No prairie could be too expansive for them to traverse, and no people could be too poor, or too degraded, or too sinful to be sought out.

Take a ministry of limited intellectual resources, and such a system will multiply almost immeasurably its efficiency. Whatever may be thought to the contrary, only a ministry of varied intellectual and theological resources, and of minds disciplined to habits of mental application, can minister for consecutive years usefully and acceptably to the same congregation. If other instances occur, they are the exceptions. In fact, even with the most thoroughly-trained and equipped ministry, the useful and successful *continuance* is the exception and not the rule. The man of limited resources will soon be exhausted and his power will be lost. Had you chained the giants of our early itinerancy down to a single field—to one little charge, they would have been like caged lions. Their names and memories would have died with them. They would have been unknown to history. But how the wide range of their labors amplified their talents and made glorious the results of their ministry! Certain it is, that the grand results of Methodism could have been wrought out under no other system. The same men, moved by the same spirit, endued with the same power from on high, and placed in the same theater of action, would have done much for the glory of God and the salvation of men. But they never could have reared so grand an organic structure, nor could they have spread so wide the saving power of the Gospel.

It diversifies the ministerial talent employed in the same congregation, and thus the diversity of talent and taste existing in the congregation is more thoroughly reached and influenced. How often is it seen that one minister, however able, devoted, or laborious, utterly fails to accomplish good with certain individuals! They may compose a large class even in his congregation. But somehow there is a lack of

congeniality; he fails to enter into sympathy with them. The next preacher that comes reaches this very class. They are quickened in the spiritual life and brought forward into active Christian labor. But for this change of ministers their spiritual powers would have languished in a sickly existence, or perhaps been dormant forever.

Then, too, the distribution and equalization of the ministerial talent in the Churches is no unimportant consideration. Under this system, no one Church is allowed to retain a brilliant preacher or efficient worker to build up a powerful and overgrown organization, into which a multitude may press in order to enjoy fine preaching and pleasing social amenities rather than to become *workers* in the vineyard of our Lord. But having made his impression, having stirred up and brought together elements of power and usefulness, he leaves them to grow by their own Christian activities, and goes forth to work like results elsewhere. Thus, in the course of one short lifetime, a minister may labor effectively in many fields, and reach a vast number of individuals. The practical results of his life's labor may be increased many fold. On the other hand, some ministers are not successful. It is not in them—at least, it does not come out of them—to build up any Church and congregation. Put them permanently in any one field, and it would inevitably become barren and desolate. Here, in the itinerant system, is the antidote. These individuals may be useful, at least measurably so, for a short time. And before any deteriorating influences have been permitted to progress far, removal comes in to relieve the case. Thus, the distribution of talent is, as far as is practicable, equalized in the Church.

The system also embodies a peculiar stimulus, ever recurring and felt by each man as he enters upon a new charge. A new position and new relations awaken peculiar emotions and excite peculiar anxieties. The possibility of failure comes up. The man feels it. He can not avoid the conviction that much of his success and of his usefulness depends upon an early, favorable impression upon the people. His energies receive a new impulse. Has he been heretofore successful, he now feels that this is not the time to let the work droop on his hands. Has he been unsuccessful in his former charge; now he has an opportunity to redeem himself, and to make his ministry approved of God and man. Has he fallen into errors of administration or of social connection, and become inextricably involved, so that his personal influence and usefulness were impaired; by this simple transition—a transition which involves no implication of character, and affords no triumph to his enemies—all these embarrassments are removed. Rendered wiser by experience, admonished by the results of former mistakes, he begins anew; and that, too, with a more powerful incentive to exercise greater prudence, as well as greater effort, in his pastoral and ministerial work.

The system is also a powerful preventive of secularization in the ministry. We are not about to argue that the minister should be indifferent with regard to his worldly circumstances, that he should make no provision for time of sickness or for the years of age

and infirmity that may come upon himself or his companion. We are not about to argue that he should be unmindful of any provision for his family. The results of such a mistaken course have been sometimes seen, and are sufficiently painful. The Bible fixes its character, allying it with the denial of the faith and with infidelity. We have sometimes heard the unthinking remark, that any anxieties in this direction on the part of a minister indicated a want of trust in God. Not necessarily so. God works by means. If he ordains that the ministry shall edify the Church, he requires the Church to support the ministry. And never once has he declared that if the Church fails in her duty, he will remedy the evil. The distrust, then, we apprehend, is not a distrust of God, but a conviction produced by existing facts—too plain and too palpable to be resisted—that however faithfully, however long, or however successfully a minister may serve the cause of Christ, when his activity ceases, his support ceases along with it; or when he drops into the grave, little is to be hoped for his family, however dependent or worthy they may be. Under such circumstances, for a man to be indifferent about adequate provision for his own household, would be culpable indeed. This, however, is widely different from secularization, which implies being converted from spiritual to secular purposes. The settled minister has constant temptations to buy and build, to cultivate his farm, to lay out plans of improvement, to be prosecuted through long years requiring thought, and care, and labor. Insensibly the secularizing influence steals over his spirit. He devotes less time to his study; his sermons are more hastily prepared; his soul enters not into them, nor yet into his work as formerly; the cause languishes; both pastor and people sink down into a lifeless form, and souls are unsaved. Such a state of things, from such causes, can never occur in a systematized itinerancy. It cuts short the process. Just as the man has driven down his stakes, it pulls them up and throws them away. It reminds him that there is a higher work to which he has been consecrated, and which demands his care and time. We do not say that there may not be circumstances which may not only render it admissible, but make it even a duty for a man to locate his family and fix his habitation for successive years; but whatever becomes providentially right in this respect, will ordinarily become also providentially practicable without any serious detriment to the work. Nor, in any of these cases, do we find any thing to invalidate the general fact that itinerancy, while it does not prevent a man making suitable provision for his family, is nevertheless a powerful preventive to secularization in the ministry.

An itinerant system is conducive to the highest order of sermonizing. We do not say that it always produces the highest order of sermons. We speak of the *tendencies*—the *capabilities* of the system. Any system may be perverted—may be made to minister to laziness and self-indulgence. All we contend for is, that under this system any given minister can, in the run of years, deliver to his congregations a better class of sermons—sermons embodying a deeper and clearer exposition of divine truth, better illustrated, more forcibly expressed, and in every respect better

adapted to awaken the guilty conscience of the sinner, and to instruct the hearer in the way of life. If these lines shall be read by any itinerant minister who is conscious of different results in his own case, we can only say that with him the capabilities of the system have not been developed because of its abuse. Our space will not allow of the development of this idea. But we think its mere statement must carry along with it the conviction of its correctness.

This itinerant system secures for every charge a minister, and for every minister a charge and a work. This is no mean consideration. We do not contemplate it in a selfish or sordid light; but as securing cultivation—the best possible under the circumstances—for every part of the vineyard of our Lord; and, on the other hand, as employing, to the best possible advantage, all the available ministerial talent of the Church. It might be invidious to point to the sad experience of sister Churches. How many are without pastors because of non-agreement among the people! How many ministers are without any permanent pastoral charge—finding employment occasionally by officiating as “temporary supply!” But for the most part standing in the market-place and uttering the piteous moan, “No man hath hired me!” How many, when once a call has been obtained, soon find arrayed against them an active and vigorous minority! This can not be otherwise than a source of perpetual disquiet to the pastor and of dis-

traction to the Church. In nine cases out of ten this active minority will sooner or later become the majority. Then the servant of Christ, however faithful he may have been, must go forth from the flock over which he has watched, and for which he has wept, and prayed, and toiled, leaving them perhaps distracted and divided. Nor is it a change of place, of field only. He is a *dismissed* man. The mark of suspicion is upon him, and his way to a new field is liable to be hedged up. Under the present state of things among the Churches in our land *itinerancy*, in one form or the other, is the practical realization. There is no such thing as a “settled ministry,” though there may be here and there a solitary minister whose lengthened pastoral relation to the same Church may entitle it to the designation of “settled.” This is a bitter truth, felt and acknowledged by our brethren of sister Churches. The only question now left is a choice between a systematized itinerancy—whose terms and times of removal are fixed, definite, and reliable—and which bring no reflection upon the minister and carry no division or alienation into the society; or an irregular itinerancy, where the removal is ever liable to be not only violent, but painful and injurious.

When we sat down to this subject it was our intention to dispatch it in a single paper. But our space is full. The burdens and disabilities of itinerancy must be deferred to another number.

Editor's Table.

LAKE PEPIN.—Professor Edwards has given us, in this number, a “boat voyage” on this Lake. We will add a more minute description of the Lake itself, as an accompaniment of the engraving. Lake Pepin, through which the Mississippi river flows, is a large expanse of water between Minnesota and Wisconsin, and is from three to five miles wide, and about twenty-five miles long. The water is deep and clear: on the left shore is a succession of bluffs several hundred feet in height, running to the extreme upper end of the Lake; and near its lower extremity is the peculiar rocky point which may be seen in the engraving. These abrupt bluffs are worked into strange shapes by the storms of centuries, and an imaginative soul may fashion them into towers and battlements, and fancy itself transported into a country of legend and of song. Indeed, near Red Wing, there appears to be, on the summit of one of the hills, some kind of fortification, and on a small plain in the neighborhood are about fifty mounds, the relics of a departed race, whose history has not been and can not be written. The Lake in summer is of singular beauty; but winter early lies it over and navigation is interrupted till late in the spring. The name is said to have been given to the Lake from King Pepin, of France. The King, it will be recollected, first consolidated the kingdom of the Franks, and in consideration of the Pope's ecclesiastical recognition of him as king, first conferred temporal sovereignty upon the Catholic head of the Church.

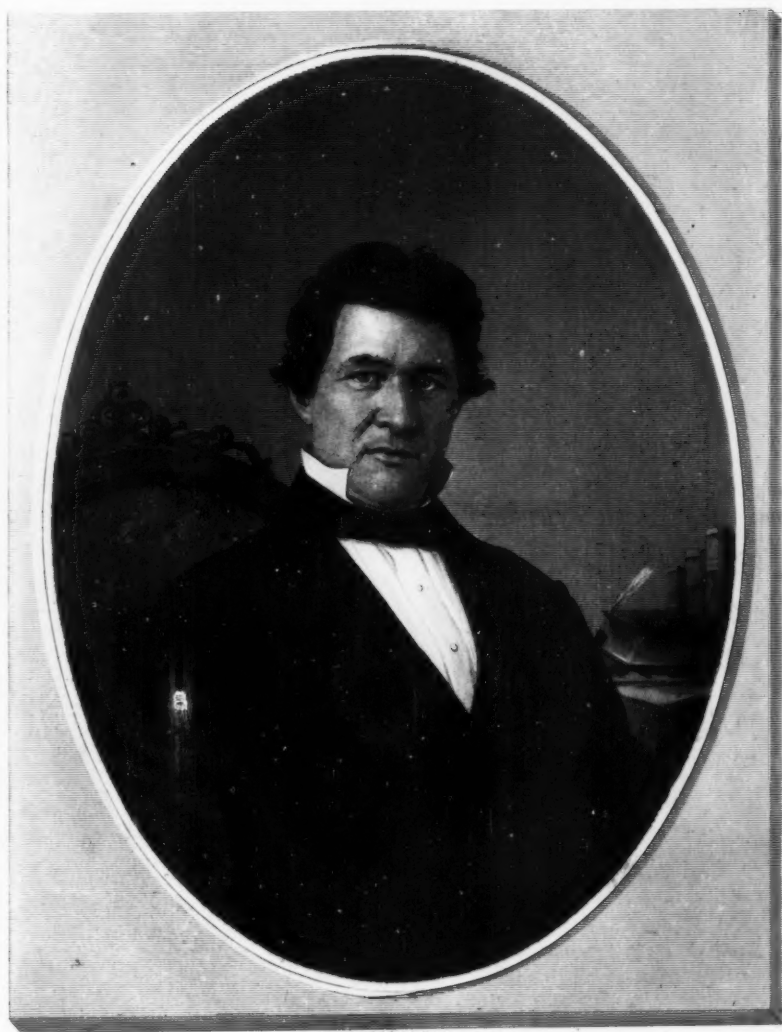
PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR WRIGHT.—A judicious and carefully-prepared sketch accompanies the portrait of this estimable Christian man. We add an incident of recent occurrence in further illustration of his character. The European correspondent of one of our American journals states that he has called on five American Ministers on his route, and all the good qualities he could discover in the whole of them would not balance those of the Hoosier Minister. The Governor invited him to breakfast and treated the gentleman to buckwheat cakes and molasses. He says he found plenty of assumed dignity in other American officials, but in the Governor he found the pure article itself. The Governor rents a church, has a Bible-class with which he meets regularly, and when they have no preaching they hold class meeting. Such is “our Hoosier Minister.”

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We must respectfully decline the following: “O Sing not Oft,” “My Brother's Grave,” “Satan's Bride,” “Flowers,” “A True Sketch of Life,” “Spring,” “The Hall of Time.” “The Possible, the Probable, and the Actual” has a good substratum, but was written too hastily and carelessly. “A Fancy” is rather neatly conceived. “Heart Shadows” is also a very well-written little piece, but both are unaccompanied with the author's name. The following will hardly do, though each has some excellences: “May Hastings,” “My Brother,” “Stray Thoughts for Young Men,” “Walter Scott and Old Humphrey,” and “Mysterious Power.”



DEER IN THE WOODS

Illustration by J. H. Smith, from the collection of J. H. Smith, 1870.



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